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# CUNARD - ANCHOR - DONALDSON

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3. The pages of the manuscript should be pinned together in the top left-hand corner and then folded lengthwise with the writing inside. On the outside of the folded manuscript—that is to say, on the back of the last page — the author should write his or her name together with the title of the "story" and a rough estimate of the number of words.
4. All words liable to be misread — *e. g.*, proper names, foreign phrases, etc., — should be written in BLOCK CAPITALS.
5. Attention is to be paid to mechanical correctness, punctuation and spelling. In order to secure uniformity throughout the magazine, the English form of spelling should be used. — That is to say, the forms "thru," "askt," "favor" for "through," "asked," and "favour" are to be avoided.
6. Authors who desire their copy to be returned to them after the publication of the magazine should add a note to that effect on the outside of the manuscript. The Editor will only be responsible for manuscripts so labelled.
7. Contributors are reminded that the printers are allowed no discretion — authors' mistakes which are unnoticed by the Editor *will appear in the Magazine*.

# THE MACDONALD COLLEGE MAGAZINE

*Mastery For Service*  
PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS

VOL. XV

JUNE

No. 4



We congratulate those students who received their degrees or Diplomas at the close of the Session. We feel sure that there is no need to remind them that so far from marking an end, graduation merely implies an admission to the full membership of the Alma Mater.

Class '25 has no reason to be ashamed of the year that we have spent under their leadership. Besides a number of less ambitious ventures, the Literary Society has founded a Dramatic Club which has filled a very real need in our College life. In athletics our teams have more than held their own, in spite of the inevitable shortage of trained players.

\* \* \*

This year's freshmen had the privilege of being the first class admitted to Macdonald without initiation. While there was much in the old system which is well forgotten, we hold that freshmen should not immediately be accorded all the rights of the undergraduate students. Moreover this year we have seen freshmen with bow-ties, wing collars and *spats* (of what shapes and hues!) brazenly flaunting those garments on the campus, not as we, under the old sumptuary laws, seized hat and stick before boarding the Montreal train. But enough! We will leave it to the imagination to

picture the results of the emancipation. It is to be hoped that next year may find some means of placing legitimate restrictions upon freshman dress without reviving the rowdier side of initiation.

\* \* \*

We are revealing no secrets when we inform our readers that the Athletic Associations hope to enter into an agreement with the Bursary, whereby a covered rink will be erected before the opening of next year's skating season.

\* \* \*

We congratulate S. F. Bruce (Winter Course '25) for his article entitled "A Volume and Lavender," which the judges have awarded first prize in the third magazine competition.

\* \* \*

As apple blossom and lilac succeed the tulips and daffodils, and are in their turn supplanted by the Spiraea and the Peony, one is tempted to regret that conditions make it impossible for the majority of students to see Macdonald at her best. However, one trembles to think of study under such conditions, and the fortunate few who remain can console themselves with that proprietary feeling which is such a subtle addition to the pleasure which one derives from beautiful things.



The new road bridge to Ile Perrot has been opened to traffic. The questions of the moment are, whether the island will be in bounds for women students and what the islanders will think of the *first* Macdonald girl to venture into the Forbidden Land.

\*   \*   \*

After complaining of the difficulty in obtaining copy for the first two issues, it is only fair to state that students contributed most generously to the third.

We regret the lateness of the present issue, which we must attribute to the early date at which the session closed for the three junior years in Agriculture.

\*   \*   \*

The Editor wishes to announce his resignation with the publication of this issue. He would like to express his

gratitude to those—staff, alumni and students—who have contributed during the past year. He would further like to thank the various members of the Garden City Press for their helpfulness and patience in dealing with a journal conducted by a staff of amateurs. Finally he would like to express his gratitude to those students who have worked on the Advertising, Business and Editorial staffs of Volume Fifteen.

\*   \*   \*

Our attention has been drawn to an error which occurred in the last issue. The inter Class Debating Trophy which was referred to as the Robertson Shield was presented to the College Literary Society by a number of members of the Staff and residents of Ste. Anne. We apologize for our mistake which seems to be a common one.



# The Graduating Classes

## AGRICULTURE '25

HERBERT R. ANGELL

"Herbie" "Sir Herbert"

*"Work is alone noble."*

Launched — Aug. 21, 1893, Holmsdale, Jamaica.

In dry dock — Four years as instructor at Farm School, Hope Experiment Station, Jamaica.

Log reading -- Bad storm overseas for two years and seven months.

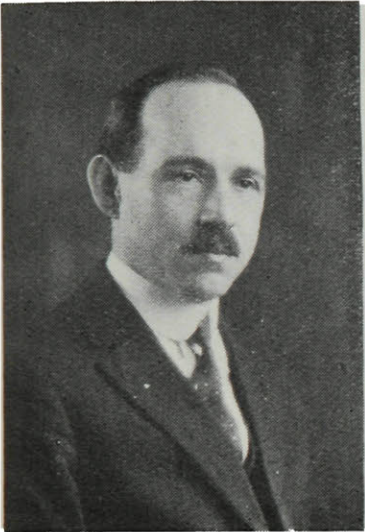
Docked — Macdonald in 1921.

Governor-General's Medal and Longworth Memorial Prize in his Soph. Year.

Shining light in literary activities as debater for the class, actor and President of the Literary and Debating Society in his Senior year.

Favourite Expression — What Angell does to-day the rest of the world will do to-morrow.

Option — Plant Pathology.



## JOHN H. BRIGHAM

"JACK"

*"They comb and then they order every hair"*

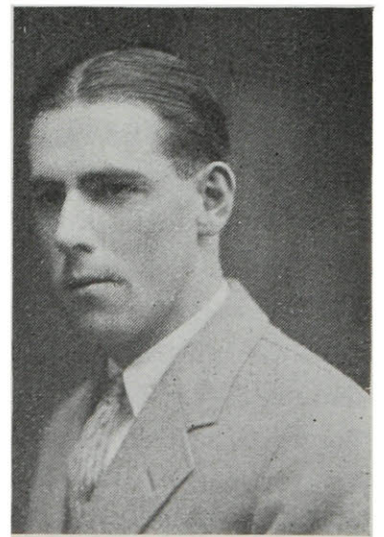
St. Albans, Vt.

St. Albans High School.

Athletic Executive 1, 2, 3, 4. Football 1, 2, 3, 4. Basketball 4. President of the Athletic Executive 4. Dance Committee 3. Social Activities Committee 3, 4.

The sun rose in St. Albans a week late in the fall of 1921 and descended on Macdonald in the form of Jack. Ever since that time he has been one of the leading spirits of the class with athletics as his strong point, closely followed by a wicked social grace. Whether on the field or the floor Jack always gives a good account of himself and we expect him to keep this record up after graduation.

Option — Animal Husbandry.





## HOMER E. COOKE

*"A chicken! Don't tell me."*

Arundel, Que.

Arundel Academy.

Arundel was Homer's starting point but he soon went down to try California's sunshine. The sunshine not being up to advertised specifications he returned to Arundel and, in the course of events, thrust his hand through his hair and descended on Macdonald from the heights of the Laurentians. As well as shaking a cute eyebrow he shoots a dirty basketball, being Captain of the first College team in his Senior year, swings a wicked baseball bat, and plays a mean game of football on the left wing. On the platform he was worked for his class both as a debater and in the Public Speaking Contest. This year he was elected Vice-president of the class. Homer made no mistake when he went in for chickens and his plant will do well.

Option — Poultry Selective.



## JOSEPH P. FLEURY

"JOE"

*"Let me be no assistant to a state,  
 "But let me keep a farm."*

Winthrop, Me.

Laval University.

Entered Macdonald in 1923 after spending two years at Ste. Anne de la Pocatiere.

Although Joe entered Mac in the Junior year he lost no time in getting acquainted and winning the friendship of the entire class. He is a firm believer in French-Canadian cattle and to quote him, "They are the bread-winners." Joe has been a faithful member of his class and has been active in several student organizations. His energy and desire for work will finally land him on top we are sure.

Option — Animal Husbandry.



## CHARLIE D. FOGERTY

*"He stood four-square to all the winds that blew."*

Malden, Mass.

Granby High School.

Entering Macdonald in 1921 he at once took an active part in all student activities. As president of the class for the first two years he enabled us to weather the hazing, social emergencies and labour of our Freshmen and Sophomore Years. In athletics Charlie has always been to the fore, occupying a prominent position on the Football squad and the Basketball team.

Charlie has ably represented his class in debating competition on three different occasions. Despite all these activities Charlie has not been a cause of worry to the Faculty at examination time. His studies of chickens (both kinds) have been rewarded with success.

Option — Poultry Selective.



## JAMES ALEXANDER GOLDIE

"ALEC"

*"I know a joke worth two of that"*

Bo-o-o-ard — Guelph, Ont., September 19, 1893.

Toot, toot, — O. A. C. 1913-14.

Change cars — Olds School of Agriculture, 1914-15.

Open switch — Overseas.

Wrong track — U. B. C. 1922-24.

Right track — Macdonald 1924-25.

Favourite signal—"Let's go."

Official duty — Dance bouncer.

Terminal point — Matrimony

Option — Horticulture.



## ROBERT J. HASLAM

"BOB"

*"Oh sleep it is a gentle thing."*

Bob claims Springfield in the Garden of the Gulf as his home. In his wanderings before reaching Macdonald he spent two years at the Nova Scotia Agricultural College and one at the Charlottetown Business and Technical School. Bob brought with him all the proverbial warm heartedness of the Maritimes and has filled his own special niche. On the Magazine Board and as President of the S. C. A. for 1923-24 he carried out his duties with quiet efficiency.

Hobby — Brunettes.

Option — Cereal Husbandry.





## JOHN AMIS HEMPSON

*"He was a scholar, and a right good one."*

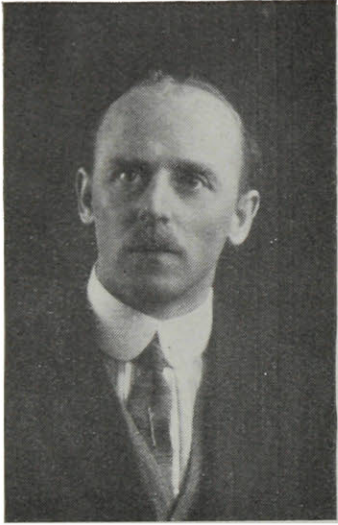
Born Thorpe-le-Soken, Essex, England.

Educated—Queen Elizabeth's School, Ipswich, and King's College, London.

Arrived Canada 1913. Passed third year O. A. C. Spent two years in the R. A. F. Was assistant master at Lake Lodge School, Grimsby, and arrived at Macdonald College with high hopes of attaining to the honor, eminence and distinction of the B. S. A. degree.

Although Jack has been with us but a year he has established himself as an integral part of Class '25. His value was soon realized when he stood on the Assembly Hall platform and debated for his class in the final competition for the Robertson Shield. He has shown himself to be a man of industry and perseverance, of pleasantness and good fellowship. His domestic happiness is the goal of all his classmates.

Option — Horticulture.



## HINSON H. HILL

"SLIM"

*"You need not blush so, that's no sin."*

Valleyfield, Que.

Gault Institute.

Yes, he is a quiet bird. One of those hard-working, conscientious fellows who can always be depended upon when there is anything to be done. He has done creditable work on the S. C. A. as Secretary-treasurer in his second and third years and as President in his fourth year. He has also served on the executives of the Literary and Debating Society, Athletic Society and on the Magazine Board and as Vice-President of his class in his Junior Year. His most notable work was performed while he was President of the Men's House Committee. Besides the above activities he has found time for athletics, earning a place on the Basketball team in his third and fourth years.

Option — Plant Pathology.



## GEORGE E. HUNT

*"When we fall out with those we love,  
And kiss again with tears."*

Cote St. Paul, Que.

Montreal High School.

Ever since George landed at Mac. after receiving his High School education at Montreal High, he has been a strong worker for his class and the many college executives on which he has served. George entered Macdonald in 1919 and remained with Class '23 until he gazed on the brilliant freshmen of the year '21, which had such an effect on him that he decided to become ill and drop out two years in order that he might enroll with class '25. George has proven his literary and elocutionary ability by being on the Magazine Board for three years and by capturing the first prize in the Elocutionary Contest in his Senior Year. In his fourth year he filled all the duties of the Class President and Treasurer of the Students' Council and Chairman of the Dance Committee. All in all, George is a hard worker and a fellow able to deliver the goods when the time comes.

Option — Animal Husbandry.

Favourite expression — Hum-a-hum-a-hum-a.

Pastime — ? ?

Characteristic—You tell them, dictionary, you know the words.



## JOSEPH D. LANTHIER

*"He smiled on many, and he loved but once."*

Even back in September '21 Joe ran true to form and arrived a week late and every term since then he has been trying unsuccessfully to correct the error. Despite this tardiness he has taken a leading part in student activities as well as in scholarship. As a debater he has been the mainstay of his class on three separate occasions. He has also appeared on the platform as a public speaker. On the football field he has always lead the attack and in his Senior year was elected Captain. As a sophomore he ably managed the basketball teams. As a junior he edited the College Mag. and was Chairman of the Dance Committee. This year he has guided the Student Body as President of the Students' Council. Joe's ambition is to run a farm up at Quyon and we expect to hear from him as a leader in Animal Husbandry, which is his option.





## C. W. OWEN

## "CAS"

*"We are charmed with neatness of person,  
Let not thy hair be out of order."*

Born 1902, Montreal, Que. Montreal High School.  
Magazine Board, 1, 2, 3. Athletic Executive 3.  
Swimming Champion 1, 2, 3, 4.



Cas has been unanimously voted as a regular fellow by all members of Class '25. He has been a strong supporter of class athletics, being our star representative in the annual field day. To him is due the credit for the inauguration of an annual swimming meet which has become one of the most popular athletic events of the year. He has won the individual aquatic championship for four years. With his years of practical farm experience and his summers on Macdonald and Lennoxville Experimental Farms we are sure that Cas will be successful in his chosen line of work.

Favourite saying — Holy old baldheaded.

Hobby — Picnics.

Option — Agronomy.

## WILBUR C. TULLY

## "BILL"

*"A famous hen's my story's theme."*

Ottawa, 1903.

Ottawa Collegiate.

Bill has been one of the busiest members of the class since he forsook Ottawa to take up Agriculture. His musical ability has kept him and his "sax" in demand at the Saturday nights and in the Philharmonic Society and his Scotch ancestry has fitted him for such positions as the Treasurer of the Dance Committee, Secretary-Treasurer of the class and Business Manager of the Magazine. As well as this he has found time to play on the college hockey team for four seasons. Bill plans to start a chicken farm of his own some day. At the present time he is taking a Poultry Selective.



## F. STEPHEN WARD.

"STEVE"

*"Oh, it's nice to get up in the mornin'—but who  
wants to be nice?"*

Born Aug. 10, 1903, Paget, Bermuda. Salter Grammar School. Warwick Academy. Entered Macdonald in 1921. Boxing and fencing for four years. Football in third and fourth years. Amateur dramatics in his fourth year. Individual champion aquatic meet, 1925.

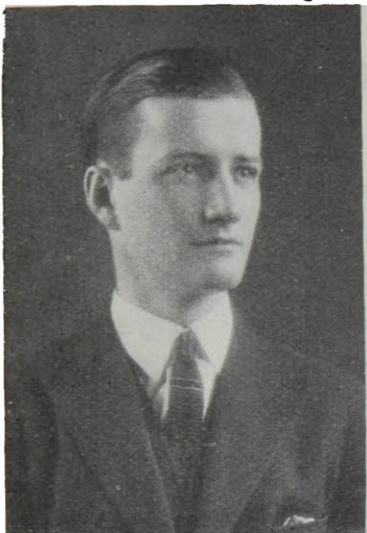
Option — Plant Pathology.

Characteristic — Fairy footsteps.

Favourite expression — "Lottsa time."

Hobby — Red heads.

Fate — To forget the ring.





## B. H. S. '25

## CLARA MARION FARRELL

*"Variety is the very spice of life  
That gives it all its flavour."*

Born Kingston, Ontario. Attended Kingston High School for two years and two years later matriculated from Branksome Hall School, Toronto. Two years in Arts at Queen's University. Magazine Board 1923-25, Lit. representative 1924-'25 and House Committee representatives 1925.

Saying—Where are my keys?

Hobbies—Many.

Ambition—To be one of the seven Sutherland sisters.



## JEAN McCRIMMON

*"The cautious seldom err."*

Born St. Thomas, Ont. Attended St. Thomas Public and High School. Graduate of Alma College. Took two years in Arts at the University of Western Ontario, before coming to Mac. in 1923. House Committee 1924. Athletic representative 1923-24. Class president and vice-president of Students' Council 1924-25.

Saying—"Oh! say, kids."

Hobby—Defending the Scots.

Ambition—To paint a house.



## GRACE LEONORA MacKINNON

*"All great men are dying — I don't feel well."*

Born Philadelphia, Pa.

Escaped to Canada as soon as possible.

Educated Sherbrooke High School.

Accidentally allowed in B. Sc. course, in Arts, at McGill in 1921. Advised to go to Macdonald in 1923.

Class Secretary 1925, also Secretary of House Committee second term.

Favourite Expression—Woof! Woof!

Ambition—To bark like a dog.

Hobby—Bidding "FOUR no trumps."





## MURIEL MARGARET MOFFAT

*Surely, surely—slumber is more sweet than toil.*

Born Richmond, Que. Attended King Edward High School, Vancouver, and two years at the University of British Columbia. Class President and representative on Students' Council 1923-1924. Athletic Association and House Committee representative 1924-1925.

Saying—Let's go to the tea room.

Hobby—Going.

Ambition—To boost the B. H. S. Course.

## RUTH BEATRICE RORKE

*"When the head aches with thinking  
'Tis time to play the fool."*

Born—Montreal, P. Q.

Educated at the Montreal High School. Entered McGill with Arts '25, and two years later came to Macdonald to join the "B. H. S. Forward Movement."

Class secretary for 1923-'24 but found the work too pressing.

Favourite Expression—"Well, let me see now."

Hobby—Doubling "Four no trumps."



## GRACE GWENDOLYN TAYLOR

*Full of enthusiasm, always game*

Born, Hull, Que.

Educated Ottawa Collegiate Institute.

1921 Entered University of Toronto.

1923 Arrived at Macdonald to join the ranks of B. H. S. '25.

1924 Bought a red and white sweater

1925 Now cheering for McG.....

House President, Fall term.

Favourite Expression—"Well! The whole thing is"—

Hobby:—"A little hand 'round."





## INST. AD. '25



FRANCES BEATRICE ADAMS

*otherwise known as Beat.*

*"Eyes so transparent,  
That through them one sees the soul."*

Born Magog, Que.

Educated at Magog High School.

Distinguished herself by winning the Frederica MacFarlane Scholarship for general proficiency last year.

Hobby—Helping the other fellow.

Favourite expression—"Oh! go to pot."

Ambition—to get **thin**.

ANNA M. ARGUE "Nan"

*"Be strong in will and mould the whole world to yourself"*

Born at Ottawa, Ont. Attended Percy St. School, and Havergal Ladies' College, Toronto.

Class President, and President of the House Committee, Winter term 1925.

Hobby—Crossword puzzles, and going to bed early.

Saying—"For cat's sake!"

Ambition—To have a little apple orchard of her own.



MARION VIRGINIA ARKLEY "Mary Ann"

*"A girl not given to words or strife,  
But once a friend, a friend for life."*

Born:—Philadelphia, Pa.

Educated:—Belleville, N. J., Medio, Pa., Kingston Collegiate, Queen's University.

Hobby:—Reading.

Favourite Saying:—"Oh beans!"

Ambition:—To go to Columbia University.



## ELEANOR BEARD

*"Come and trip it as ye go,  
On the light fantastic toe."*

She made her first appearance in New York but her present home is in Westmount. There she attended Trafalgar Institute. She spent a year at Mac. as a homemaker before taking the two year course. Eleanor is Secretary of Home Economic Club and has been very active in dramatic circles.

Favourite expression—"You'd be surprised!"

Ambition—To be a famous actress on Broadway.

## LAURA BEATTIE

*Be steadfast as a tower, that doth not bend  
its stately summit to the tempest's shock.*

—Dante

Cobourg Collegiate, Ottawa Ladies' College and London Collegiate all contributed to Beattie's knowledge.

Since coming to Mac. she has distinguished herself as the Class Debater, besides representing the class on the executive of the Lit. and the Home Economics Club. She has been active in dramatic work also. Last but not least of her distinctions is the high office of Valedictorian.

Favourite Saying:—"Well, for Pete's sake!"

Ambition:—A Bac. Mus. degree.



## MAVIS AURELIA BRETHOUR "Mave"

*"Oh! she will sing the savageness out of a bear"*

Ottawa claims Mave as her own. Before joining the knowledge seekers at Mac. she received her primary education at Ottawa's Public Schools and collegiate institute. In the spring term she represented the senior ads. on the House Committee.

Favourite saying:—"Oh! I'd just lo--ve to."

Hobby:—Asking questions.

Ambition:—To stay up all night and to sleep all day.







## LESLEY FRANCES MacGREGOR LYON BRYANT

"Les"

*She's little but she's wise*

*You can see that in her eyes.*

Born Halifax, N. S. Educated at Halifax Ladies' College, and Branksome Hall, Toronto. Took Homemaker Course three years previous to entering the two year course at "Mac." Class representative on the House Committee for Spring and Fall term of 1924.

Saying:—"Holy kittens."

Ambition:—To exterminate bees.

## ISABELLE SHAW FINDLAY

*"On their own merits modern (wo)men are dumb."*

Born at Calgary, Alta. Educated at Central Collegiate, in that city, also at Victoria Normal.

Hobby:—Gazing into the future (Fortune telling).

Ambition:—To become a tea room manager.

Favourite expression: — "Yoy!" also "you dirty crumb!"



## JOSEPHINE ELSIE FRASER

*"The word impossible; it's not in my dictionary."*

Born in the Yukon, Got her education in spots from Victoria to Sacred Heart Convent, Montreal.

She terminates her career at "Mac" as Secretary of the house committee.

Favourite expression:—Look it up in the dictionary.

Ambition:—Varies with the weather.





MARGARET JAMIESON GARDNER ("Porky")

*"She is not given to words or strife, and once a friend,  
a friend for life."*

Born at Brockville, Ontario.

Educated at Brockville Collegiate Institute, President of House Committee in Spring term.

Ambition: Going to bed early.

Favourite Expression:—"Hur-r-r-ry up!"

CONSTANCE HENDERSON "Connie."

*"None knew her but to love her,  
None named her but to praise."*

Born in Coburg, Ont. Matriculated from Coburg Collegiate Institute.

Hobby:—Snubbing the opposite sex.

Saying:—"Don't tell me!"

Ambition—To apply for position of mathematician assisting the dietitian at Eaton's.



WINIFRED M. HONEY known as "Honey."

*"But O, she dances in such a way,  
No sun upon an Easter day,  
Is half so fine a sight."*

Born at Abbotsford, Que. Educated from Westmount High School. President of the Home Economics Club, Vice-President of the Literary and Debating Society, a department editor of the College Magazine, member of the Dramatic Committee, and Class Prophet.

Ambition:—To run a dispensary in Paris.

Favourite saying:—"Yes, I have no notes to-day."







### FANNIE ALBERTA KNAPP—"Snap"

*"One must espouse some pursuit, taking it kindly at heart  
and with enthusiasm."*

Born at Brompton, Que. Attended Sherbrooke High School. Class representative on S. C. A. Executive.

Favourite Saying:—"Oh rats!"

Hobby—Making tea.

Ambition:—To get 100 in Chemistry.

### MARIAN ELIZABETH MACKAY

Born—Danville, Vermont.

Education:—Obtained High School Diploma at Lyndon Institute.

Activities—President of the Girls' Athletic Association.

Class representative on the Students' Activities Committee.

Favorite expression:—"I mean I say."

Ambition:—To get her room mate up early.

Hobby—Going to tea on Sunday.



### ELIZABETH EILEEN MAJOR

*"Gentle of speech, beneficent of mind."*

Educated at Ottawa Ladies' College.

Favourite Expression:—"Oh cuts!"

Ambition:—To run an institution?

Hobby:—Getting telephone calls.

Secretary of Senior Class.



## ANNIE ISABEL SMITH "Nance"

*"To speak the truth is every woman's right."*

Born at Victoria, B. C. Educated at various schools in Western Canada before entering the Administration course at "Mac."

Class representative on the House Committee for a time.

Saying—"I nearly died!"

Hobby:—Collecting medals.

Ambition:—To get the best out of life.

## IRENE FOSTER THOMPSON

*"Slow and sure, he stumbleth who goes fast."*

Born in Truro, Nova Scotia.

Graduated from School of Household Science, Truro, Nova Scotia in 1922, following up special study here at Macdonald College.

Ambition:—To learn the Saint Joe Hop.

Favourite expression—"Go to grass."

Hobby:—Haunting the Post Office.



## LORNA AMY WILKINSON

*"Fair glittering of the graces  
Of mind and of mien."*

Favourite expression:—For cat's sake.

Ambition—To be the dietitian of R. M. C.

Hobby:—Giving demonstrations.

She began her education in the Brockville Public School and continued it at Allen Onley School, London, Eng., then at Hillcrest Academy, Montreal. In 1923 she graduated from the Brockville Collegiate.

Born—Brockville, Ont.





## History of Agr. '25

One year after the raising of the standard of admission to the B. S. A. course is agriculture eleven individuals from Canada, South America and the Indies presented themselves at Macdonald, and in the Principal's office signed their names in the college register, thereby accepting and submitting to the rules of the college and promising "to observe the same." Some people think that promises and pie-crust bear a remote resemblance.

On the return of the Senior year a few days after we had settled down in our new surroundings events followed fast. Many of our number while peacefully sleeping at midnight experienced unwelcome sensations reminiscent of a violent earthquake, and awoke bewildered, lying on the floor in a tangle of bed clothes and disjointed bars of iron which after half-an-hour's feverish work again formed our beds. This sort of thing was but a prelude to our initiation—a now discredited function.

It was not very long before judging in the arena, spilling sulphuric acid in the chemistry laboratory, debating in the English class, drawing on the imagination in the Botany lab., visits to Hudson Bay House, trips to Morgan's woods, economising in neckties, and "looking 'em over" became second nature. At the end of the term we managed somehow to scrape through the examinations, and thereby obtained the privilege of returning the following September as full-fledged Sophomores.

Three days of tramping through the tangle of bush at the far end of the college property was the welcome given us by the Agricultural Engineering Dept. We visited our vengeance for this on the innocent. At least some of our plans for

the proper reception of the Freshmen were concocted during the frequent periods of rest we allowed ourselves when we should have been busy chaining out distances, driving stakes, and ascertaining levels. All good things have an end. Once more we gradually settled down to class room work, but occasionally "skipped" lectures, and did the one-hundred-and-one things that Sophomores always have done and ever will do. Our chicken dinner at "Wright's" was an event which we shall long remember.

Our Junior year brought us two from Truro. This made up for the loss of two others, one of whom had joined us at the beginning of the Sophomore year, the other who through illness thought it best to drop out for a year. The Senior year added a few to the number making the class fifteen strong.

During our four years we have been the subjects of many experiments. The higher standard of entrance requirements, two systems of rating our standing in other than scholastic attainments and longer college terms have been tried during our years here. One of these was discontinued after a year, another after three years. Surely the Faculty should on principle have followed the usual practice of experiment stations and allowed them to run for five years! If we in future years publish remarkable results of the yields of our new varieties of wheat, basing our calculation on one or even three years experiments, they should, if later our excellent wheat fail to give the results claimed, shoulder part of the blame. They set us the example.

Although we have not been successful in winning first place on Field days nor in the Inter-class games we have in two successive years taken first place in

swimming meets. This year we were second in the Inter-class games, the shield being won by the Post Grads. The Inter-class debating trophy became ours after the final debate of the school of Agriculture.

We had early observed that although our college is a young one the conservative spirit among the students would do honour to a much older institution. In our Junior years we therefore adopted the policy of lying low and as far as possible accepting things as they were. Our Senior year gave us the chance to

do as we thought best. Our resolve at the beginning was to make 1925 at Macdonald interesting, enjoyable and successful. The outcome of this policy has been apparent to all. Now that the year is at an end we can look back with pleasure and pardonable pride at the results of our efforts. Everything has run smoothly. The spirit of 1925 cannot fail to have an influence on those who follow us. With the hope that others will "carry on" in the direction in which we have tried to lead we say "Good-bye" to *Alma Mater*.

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## Class History of B. H. S. '25

B. H. S. '25 claims to have a varied history if for no other reason than that its six members have studied at five Canadian colleges—east to west—McGill, Queens, Toronto, Western and U. of B. C.

Despite different scholastic training and the fact that only two of our number had even a nodding acquaintance before coming here it was gratifying to all of us to discover that our aims, ideals and enthusiasms regarding the course we had elected were one and the same. As it was when we entered so has it remained to the end of our cloistered sojourn at Macdonald.

Unlike many people we had not laboured under the delusion that Household Science students learn only how to rock the proverbial cradle and make pies as mother used to make them.

We soon realized that our work was so diversified as to include everything from Art to Zoology, and that such studies as Chemistry, Bacteriology, Biology, Physics, English and Economics play almost as great a part in our courses as purely Home Economics subjects.

Last year after struggling with the polariscope in the chemistry laboratory we wondered whether dextro- and levo-sugars were not too precious materials to be lightly tossed into culinary confections. This year that problem fades away, overshadowed by Benzene rings, normal solutions, H-ion concentrations and the A. O. A. C. book of methods.

Animated discussions on problems of the day such as the Chicago sewage question, show in a most interesting way the application of Physics and such mundane things as Home Water Supplies and electricity of the household on an added interest.

What with Mendel's peas and Q's and the dance of the chromosomes, the study of Genetics only increased our belief in all social sciences—so closely related to household science courses.

The unique and questionable discovery that the red pigmentation of lobster is due to *Bacillus prodigiosus* greatly augmented our already keen interest in the Bacteriology of Foods.

Many trips of observation and inspec

tion, including our "star" trip, visits to Montreal public and high schools, various food manufacturing plants, dairies, Child's restaurant and the Montreal General Hospital, have been interesting supplements to our course.

However we do not wish to create the erroneous impression that it is a case of all work and no play with our class.

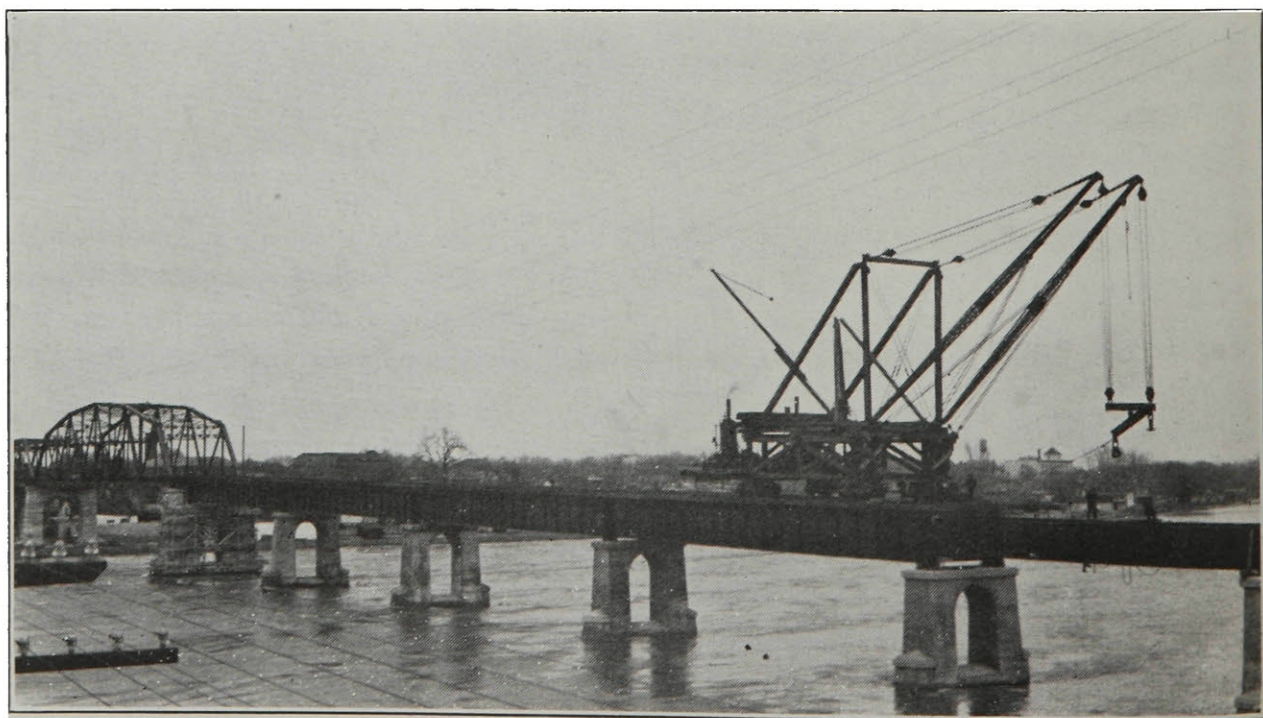
Last year was marked by a number of happy social events. Perhaps none will be more remembered than the mock reunion dinner at which both Agriculture and B. H. S. '25 played that they were graduates of ten years come back to their Alma Mater. The fact that the dinner was part of our Public Speaking course little marred the pleasure of the evening and the affair seemed to establish a feeling of unity between the two

classes. For a jolly picnic the customary rain compelled us to accept the kind invitation of Dr. and Mrs. Lynde to have an indoor picnic at their home.

Returning to the college after varied experiences in the summer, our class affairs began where they left off in June. Picnics, parties and other events brightened the autumn and throughout the year many friends both on and off the campus have been very good to us.

After spending two years on the pastoral fields by the banks of the Ottawa we wonder how we will be able to endure the rigor and rush of the city life necessitated by our hospital work.

No matter where we go we will never forget our family of six and our hope is that the mock reunion dinner rehearsed in 1924 will be a happy reality in 1935.



The New Bridge

## A Table of the T. B. D'S.

V. DAWSON, AG. '28

It had been a cheerless day and the rain was still hissing down when darkness fell, very rapidly as though to challenge the damp, grey sea mists which came swirling up the Forth, slowly blotting out everything from view. The great, gaunt bridge glistened in the wet and reflected the sweeping ray of a solitary searchlight before it too slowly vanished, enveloped in the clammy shroud of darkness and fog.

Below the mighty bridge and resting uneasily on the dark, hurrying river's bosom the Fifth Destroyer Flotilla tugged and strained uncomfortably at its moorings and in the minute wireless-room of H. M. S. Vicious, the flagship of the little fleet, were gathered the commanders of the other ships in the flotilla, five young, alert and tense-faced men. Not a word was being spoken, they were all staring at the receiving instruments with an air of intense fascination and as the telegraphist leaned forward and began to scribble feverishly on his slate a momentary light flickered in their eyes. As soon as the message was finished the operator hurriedly returned the "received" signal and handed the slate to his commander, Graham, who, after a moment's hesitation as though praying that his wishes might be granted, carefully read the message through. A seraphic smile overspread his face as he read and when he spoke the same happiness was reflected in the faces of his subordinates. "The Battle Cruiser Squadron of the High Seas Fleet is out at last, you young demons, and we are to act independently!" and with a cheer he tossed his cap up to the deck-head. "Lay aboard your own craft, up anchor and line ahead down the river till further orders."

With an eagerness laughable to behold the officers jumped up and trooped noisily out of the cabin, not without a warm handshake and salute to their commander, however, for none knew if he would ever meet the other again and these splendid young men had grown to be almost as brothers during the brief time they had served under Graham's command and shared the same hardships and perils together. As Lieutenant Scott, a fair-haired slip of a youngster, came up to Graham the latter threw his arm round the young man's shoulder "Good-bye and good luck, Jack!" was all he said. Scott stared into his superior's eyes before he spoke and then, warmly clasping his hand in both his own he said, "Cheerio, old man, and good hunting!" A great friendship existed between these two young officers for they had been in and out of many a bad scrape together and although they were rivals for the hand of a certain old admiral's pretty daughter this had not affected it in the slightest for, like a great many sailors, they were both as shy as school boys and so far neither had plucked up enough boldness to "pop the question" so that neither knew if he or the other was the favoured one.

Back again on the bridges of their own ships the commanders and sub-lieutenants were roaring out staccato orders and soon the wet and muddy anchor cables were coming home in great style through the groaning hawse-pipes. Just as soon as the hooks came clear of the bottom a bell rang out in the bows and a white light flashed out on the yard-arm thereby indicating that particular ship as being under way. With a precision beautiful to behold the five little ships

fell in behind the "Vicious" and the six destroyers, straining like greyhounds on the leash tore silently down the Forth in a sheet of white foam, and headed for the open sea.

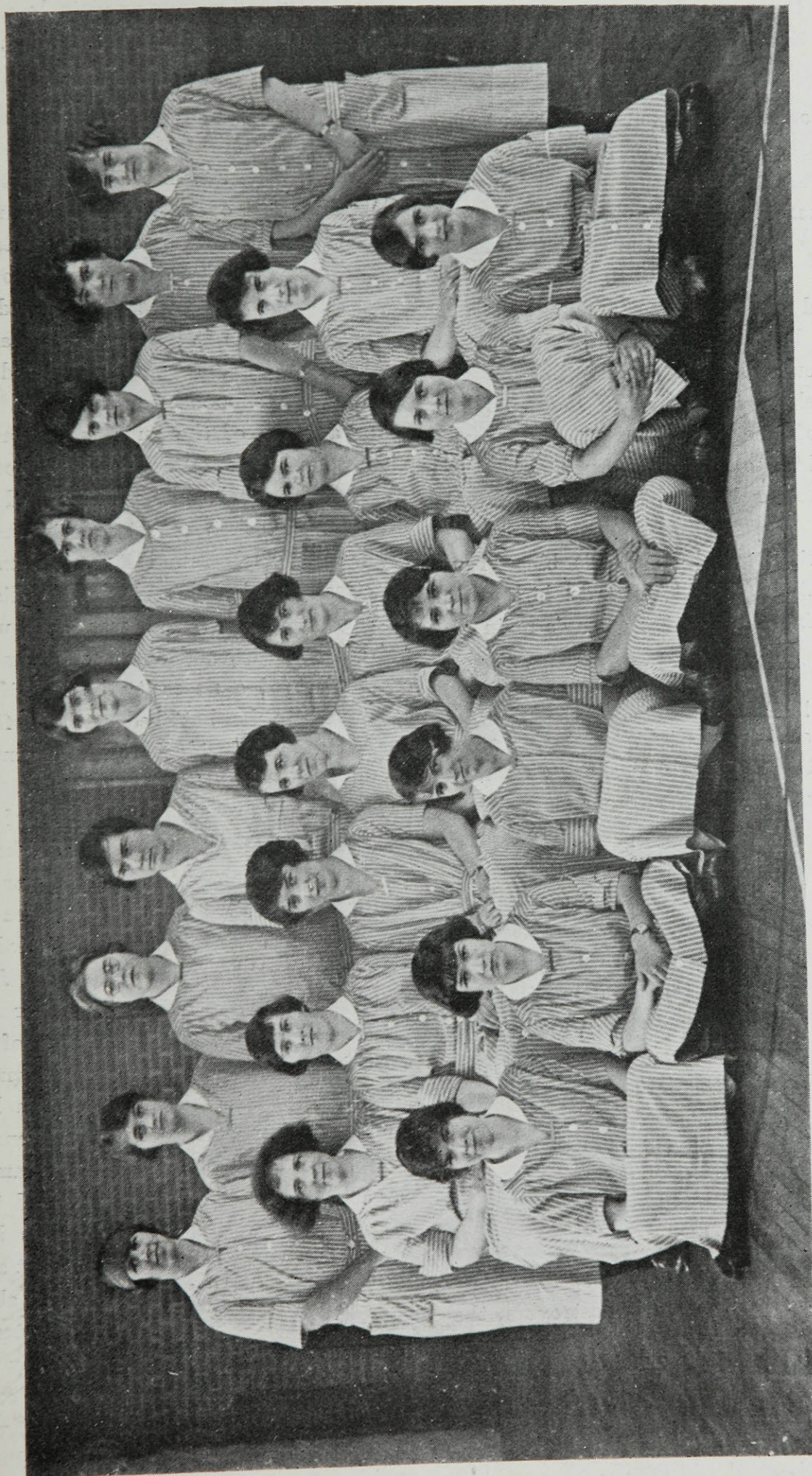
Four hours later saw them speeding at a good thirty knots through the calm North Sea which was acting contrary to its traditions in being in such a state and in the rear of the line came the "Valiant." She didn't occupy that position on account of her speed because Jack had made quite a bit of money by racing his ship against the others for wagers, but naval etiquette demanded that she be there on account of having the junior commander of the flotilla on board. On the bridge of the "Vicious" Lieutenant Graham was scanning a message he had just received from the admiral in command of the British Battle Cruiser Squadron. "Enemy's main division steaming, N. 25 deg. E. at about twenty knots. Intercept at all costs" it read and just as he finished reading the sound of heavy gun fire, borne faintly on the breeze, reached his ears. Wheeling to the expectant signaller he gave a brief order and in an instant the Morse lamp was winking "Scatter, Fifth and good luck!" to the rest of the flotilla. Satisfied that his message had been received. Graham swung the engine-room telegraph to full speed ahead and the drone of the "Vicious" turbines rose to a screaming hum as her bow swung round and she tore away at nearly forty knots in the direction of the fight.

In the meantime Jack and young Richards, his sub-lieutenant, had been peering watchfully ahead and immediately on receipt of Graham's message they drew their ship away from the rest of the flotilla, for it is a nerve racking job to manoeuvre a flying destroyer in the immediate vicinity of five of her flying sisters when they are all snorting along

without lights and your only indication of each other's whereabouts is the crimson glow which sometimes comes, and sometimes doesn't, from the funnels and I am not at all sure if Schrab's quotation about fame and single combat didn't help Jack in his decision to get away, for that same quotation always was true of the navy and particularly so in the last war.

They had only been steering on their new course for a short time when the sounds of battle which had been growing steadily louder gave place to the orange-red flashes of the firing guns and almost simultaneously the sharp eyes of Richards picked out the darker loom of a large ship against the dark horizon. Obedient to a sharp command the helmsman twirled the spokes and the little "Valiant" nearly capsized as she spun on her keel and raced after the unknown vessel. But someone must have noticed the triple fiery funnels for in an instant two inquiring eyes of light pierced the darkness and bathed her in a flood of brilliance. In return the "Valiant's" searchlight showed the other ship to be a large German cruiser and then the "scrap" began. Steering a zig-zag course and doing two knots to the enemy's one the intrepid little craft slowly closed with her huge adversary, whose gunners were doing their level best to blow her out of the water. One shell hit just abaft the second funnel, leaving a gaping hole to show where a gun and its crew had stood, while another plowed through the charthouse and out of the other side without exploding, but the engines were still intact and with her guns firing furiously the destroyer approached to within half a cable's length of the cruiser. Running along parallel to her, the "Valiant" slowly slid past and when Richards thought he was opposite the cruiser's engine room he snapped the firing trigger and sent two torpedoes, gleaming sil-





Junior A. D. S.



ver in the searching rays, straight for where he thought the boilers would be placed.

A moment of suspense while the destroyer shot away from her victim and then the heavens were rent by a tremendous explosion, followed an instant later by another as the boilers of the doomed cruiser exploded. Jack's face twitched in the bloody glare as he thought of the horrible, scalding death of the poor devils trapped in the inferno but the crash of an exploding shell and the whine of another over his head soon caused him to forget any such qualms of conscience as he might have entertained. Turning hastily round to investigate he saw a sight which made his blood leap for coming straight towards him were the leading ships of the enemy's main division.

They poured such a hail of concentrated fire at the "Valiant" that she owed her existence to nothing short of a miracle. One shell hit the second funnel and knocked it clean over the side while another landed among the midship torpedo tubes, reducing that section to a ghastly, crimson shambles of mangled corpses and twisted steelwork. Zigzagging again and with her remaining guns spitting fire like a wildcat she slowly drew away but not before two more messengers of death had been let loose. One of these hit the third ship in the line and disabled her, for she had to fall out and limp along as best she could and even as Jack looked two more ships of the Fifth Flotilla dashed at her and finished the job by the simple means of three more well placed torpedoes. But an instant later these two destroyers, the "Victor" and "Vanquisher," were knocked to pieces by salvos of the enemy's heavy guns. Such was the intensity of the revengeful fire poured upon them

that they had disappeared in less than a minute after the first shell landed.

This sight so enraged Jack that he swung the "Valiant" straight round and was making for the huge battle cruisers again when he ran into a hornet's nest of German destroyers which had arrived rather belatedly to protect the head of their line from these unexpected torpedo attacks. Two of these ships evidently looked upon the battered little craft as their prey for they both proceeded systematically to pound her to pieces. One after another of the guns went over the side, soon to be followed by one of the remaining funnels and a well-aimed four point seven took the mast away with it as shell after shell found its mark on the practically defenceless little "Valiant." Seeing that the speed was still unimpaired, however, and also seeing that his craft must of a necessity be lost if she continued to be battered without fighting back, Jack decided on a bold venture. Round swung the "Valiant's" nose and heading straight for the nearer of her foes the little craft shot ahead like an arrow as the telegraph clanged for the engineers to crowd on every ounce of steam. The distance quickly lessened; it does when you are travelling at forty knots, and the German commander realized too late the full significance of the new manoeuvre. Before he could turn his ship away the "Valiant" was upon him. Nearer, nearer and then a tremendous shock followed by the treble scream of tearing steel as the bow struck and then tore it's way through the enemy's hull. The two halves of the rammed craft sank like lead and the "Valiant" forged ahead once more and seeing the other destroyer in full flight, hotly pursued by the "Vivid," Jack took stock of his own craft. All the guns and torpedo tubes were either missing or useless, two funnels and

a mast were lying somewhere at the bottom of the North Sea and half the crew had been killed outright, while in addition to the above evils, the bow was leaking badly where it had so viciously bitten the tormentor.

Seeing it was suicide to go on fighting any longer and having to do his duty by the country and remaining crew, he decided to head back for his base and as the heroic little vessel began to steam away from the scene of battle she was joined by the "Vicious" who had also evidently had more than her share of hard knocks. But they evidently presented a tempting target to the gunners in the rear ships of the enemy's line for soon those worthies were seemingly vying with each other in an attempt to sink the two badly-mauled destroyers. Two shells struck the "Vicious" and all but broke her in two and even as the "Valiant" turned towards her she began to settle down. As if to prevent any rescue work another shell plumped into the latter's engine room, wrecking the star-board turbine and killing all but one of the engineers. The stricken "Vicious" gave a sudden lurch and wobbled drunkenly as her end drew near. Graham, erect on the bridge, an arm missing and with a ghastly cut on his breast, waved his cap in farewell to Jack on the now crawling "Valiant" as his ship gave the death shudder he drew himself up in a proud salute to the white ensign which still fluttered in the morning breeze. While he stood thus the bow rose out of the water and the flagship of the Fifth Flotilla slid quickly beneath the waves as though eager to go to her last resting place with the lieutenant she had served so well still in command. The roar of guns gave her a fitting "moriturus te salutant" and just as the destroyer disappeared the sun rose over the misty horizon, having seemingly deferred his

coming until the last acts of the grim tragedy had been played and he would not have to watch the glorious end of the fighting commander of a fighting ship.

That was the only occasion on which Jack ever cursed the "Valiant" for she had failed him when he most needed her speed and turning away he roughly wiped the tears that came welling unbidden to his eyes. He was recalled from his sorrow by a touch on his leg and looking down he saw young Richards, who had been badly smashed down at the torpedo tubes, lying at his feet and in his efforts to make the young sub comfortable he was helped to forget his great loss.

They arrived in the Forth late that afternoon and with the weary air of a tired old man the little vessel limped slowly to her old moorings. As she passed the victorious battle cruisers those huge champions of Britain's maritime supremacy slowly dipped their flags to salute their battle scarred little sister and in such a manner did the "Valiant" arrive home again. The only other ship left out of the gallant Fifth was the "Vivid" and young Crichton, her commander, waved to Jack and then sadly shook his head as he made a significant gesture towards the four empty berths where his brother officer's ships had laid the previous night which were now lying undisturbed on the bed of the cold North Sea; that insatiable tomb of countless brave sailors and stout craft and relentless enemy of all those who go down to the sea in ships.

Jack is happily married now (Whom did he marry? Why, the admiral's pretty daughter, of course!) and in his beautiful Torquay home you can hear the ceaseless wash of the surf and screaming of the gulls from any open window. Two years ago I spent a few days of my leave with them and it was my enquiries regarding the portrait of a handsome,



manly-looking naval officer which adorns their drawing-room wall that elicited the story I have attempted to write. It seems that on a certain date of every year this portrait is draped in black for that is the anniversary of the day upon which Lieutenant-Commander

Graham died gloriously for his King and Country. Some other time, perhaps, with your kind permission, I will tell you of some of the other yarns he spun, for sailors are wonderfully loquacious when they get together as indeed is any other brotherhood of men.

The above story was awarded first prize in the Literary Society Competition there being one other entry

## Faculty Items

Mr. and Mrs. Musgrove contemplate spending the summer in England.

Dr. A. McTaggart and Mr. E. A. Lods officiated as Judges at the Quebec Seed Fair on March 17-18-19.

Mr. W. A. Maw has been made a member of the Board of Directors and also appointed a member of the Executive Committee in the Canadian National Poultry Records Association.

Dr. and Mrs. B. T. Dickson are being congratulated upon the arrival of a

daughter on March 17th.

Mr. and Mrs. G. L. Landon are being congratulated upon the arrival of a daughter (Florence Ethel May) on Feb. 16th.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Tawse are being congratulated upon the arrival of a third son (William Jr.) on Feb. 20th.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Maw are being congratulated on the arrival of a daughter (Betty) Elizabeth Jean.







Agr. Juniors



## Macdonald College Agriculture Alumni Association

### Obituary

SAMUEL JUDSON  
HETHERINGTON

It is with great regret that we announce the death of Samuel Judson Hetherington sometime of Agriculture '21. The deceased was born at Cody's N. B., entered Macdonald in 1917, and, after serving as a cadet in the Royal Air Force, graduated as a Plant Pathologist in 1921.

After graduation he became Markets Specialist and Co-operative Organizer to the Saskatchewan Department of Agriculture. In 1924 he obtained leave of absence and commenced studies for his Master's Degree at the University of Wisconsin, where he died on May 3rd, 1925. The funeral took place at Cody's on May 10th.

His sudden death came as a great shock to his many friends at Macdonald.

### List of Graduates

It is practically impossible for the association to keep an accurate up-to-date list of the addresses of Macdonald College graduates without the co-operation of the graduates themselves. The difficulty increases in magnitude with the

addition of each graduating class. If you are not interested in the alumni association, you must remember that the association as well as the college are both interested in you. Therefore, when you change your address, when you obtain a better position, or when you achieve

higher honours—academic or otherwise—inform the Principal's Office or the G. S. of the fact. Do not be modest in this regard. The demand for such information surprisingly increases as does the status of Macdonald College among the educational institutions of Canada. Every effort within reason has been to make this list as complete as possible and we cannot be held culpable for inaccuracies. The occupation of each alumnus is indicated wherever known. Corrections are asked for.

#### Miscellaneous

In the last issue of the Magazine a list of this year's graduating class with the respective specialty of each individual was published. To them the M. C. A.

A. A. extends hearty congratulations and a sincere welcome to its ranks. It asks them not to be backward in soliciting the acquaintance and help of their brother alumni, and you will, I am sure, help them in every possible way. They have chosen Mr. H. Hill as their class secretary and representative on the alumni executive—that select board which guides the destiny of our association.

Graduates are reminded that all applications for the Memorial Scholarship should be in the hands of the G. S. by August 1, 1925. Application forms may be had from the Secretary's office. The scholarship has a value of \$200 and is tenable at any university in Canada or the United States for one college session.

# COLLEGE-LIFE



Crossing the great desert  
after dinner — a midway  
camp.

## Science Alumnae

As the college year ends we are more than ever eager to hear of friends of other years who have graduated from Macdonald and are engaged in varied activities in different parts of the country.

An interesting account of the unique work done by Helen Mathieson, graduate of the Institution Administration Course 1922 has been given recently in the *Saturday Night*. Only a year ago Prince Edward Island adopted from Nova Scotia the idea of advertising and selling the wares of the country women in the province. Many farms on the island still have hand looms, and linens are woven by the French portion of the population. "Aitched mats" and clipped wool rugs with "riz-up roses" and other popular designs are also made and sold.

Miss Mathieson, as supervisor for the cottage-craft work of the province, is the middleman who stands between the country women and the outside world, but in this case all the money goes back to the producer. Miss Mathieson and her co-workers are successfully bringing back many of the old vegetable dyes which 'set' by the use of copperas and alum. Golden-rod gives yellow and onions give a grey-green. Sometimes rare finds of old pitchers and platters in willow and other prized designs bring \$25 to women who have considered them useless.

This year the women of the Maritimes sent a large collection of cottage craft articles to Wembley with the result that orders were taken for two years in advance. This has only been achieved by the constant supervision of the directors, who have improved the taste of the wom-

en as to colour and design and thus have obtained for their wares a ready market.

Miss Mary Clark on her return from the Presbyterian Hospital, New York, was very encouraging in her report of the work of a pupil dietitian. Her enthusiasm for her work made us eager to be at it ourselves.

Though the work was strenuous and the hours long the knowledge that it was useful work made it well worth while. The hospital staff, both doctors and dietitians were sufficiently interested in the student dietitians to give special lectures and demonstrations for them. Miss Clark had the privilege of hearing many of the foremost nutrition workers in New York, and attended splendid lectures on dietotherapy. Her six months' training has greatly augmented her interest in the field of dietetics.

Elsie Grey is the dietitian at the Kentville Sanatorium, Nova Scotia.

Helen Munro is doing special diabetic work in the Social Service Department, Rhode Island Hospital. Evelyn Pettes is also working in the Rhode Island Hospital.

Elsie Douglas, Alice Cattnach, Dorothy Munro, Jean Mutch, Beulah Beamish, Marjorie Kerr and Hildred Durant have completed their six months training.

Elsie Watt has finished her hospital training and is planning to teach.

Elaine Dodge is planning to return to the Mary C. Wheeler School, Providence, R. I. next year.

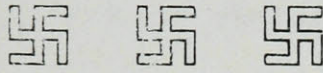
Mrs. Ree, who is now dietitian at the Ste. Anne's Hospital, attended the Wom-



en's Club luncheon, May 6th. Those who knew her will remember that Mrs. Ree was one of the students in charge of this "function" in 1923.

Mrs. Gordon Anderson, nee Margaret Taylor received in Montreal for the first time since her marriage, assisted by her sister—Miss Mary Taylor.

C. M. F.



Science Short Course



## Teachers' Alumni

In the Alumni column of this, the last issue of the Macdonald College Magazine for this year, we are fortunate in having an article written by several of last year's girls, co-operatively. This gives us an idea of what they are doing, and how they like doing it. We take this opportunity of thanking these girls for being so kind as to contribute their bit to the mag., and we wish them every success in their chosen profession.

Throughout the term, from time to time we have had pleasant little chats with members of last year's "crew" who have been out to visit us. Those on record are: Hazel Gardner, Theresia Keller, Ruby Davidson, Maud Hardie, Estelle Bishop, Jean Peplar, Margaret Boa, Madge Bray, Olive Stinson, Hilda Beers.—E. G.

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### THE CONFESSIONS OF A GREENHORN

It's a great life if you don't weaken, but alas, who wouldn't, if forced to undergo the tortures that this poor soul of mine has suffered during my initiation into the noblest of all professions, the instruction of the young? Initiation—I never realized its full purport (even at college, when forced by the mighty Seniors to eat fishes eyes and snakes) until I confronted for the first time — my class — a motley collection of all colours, creeds, races, characters. Is there

any variety in teaching? Read on, and you shall judge for yourself. The following is an interlude—

\* \* \*

The curtain rises on the opening exercises in a class-room, any morning of the week, preferably Monday.

Characters—Miss I. Minerva S. Reck and a class of fifty pupils—Grade II.

Scene I — 9.05 A. M.

(A loud rap is heard at the door)

Miss Reck trembles visibly. Izzie, the monitor, rises and lumbers importantly towards the door. He opens—Enter Mr. C. Hall (a supervisor.) *Miss Reck* Oh! ah—huh—huh—how do you do?

Children this is Mr. C. Hall. He has come to see what clever children you are."

Mouths agape, children remain seated, despite much facial distortion upon Miss R's countenance.

**Mr. C. Hall** (pompously) —"Good morning, class."

Children rise severally—"Good morning, mister." after the clatter subsides, they sit down — severally.

**Mr. C. Hall**—"Just go on with your work, Miss Reck."

**Miss Reck**—We were just saying our memory verses. Abie you tell us about the brook.

**Abie** (rises reluctantly)

"I chatter over bony waves  
In little sharps and troubles  
I babble on the pedals."

(Continued on page 251)





Elementary Teachers



# Our Wider Interest

EDITOR—S. M. Walford

## The Value of a Household Science Course

By H. M. PARKER

Household Science has such a general meaning, including everything from bed-making to the management of large institutions, that it would be simpler to divide it and discuss the value of each division in turn. The three courses usually given make these divisions very clear—Home-makers, Administrators, and a course leading to a B. H. S. degree.

Very often there are two courses for Homemakers, a short course of three months, and a longer one lasting from September till June. These give a very practical knowledge of cookery, sewing, including a study of textiles, clothing and millinery, and household management including care of the house, laundering, home-nursing, accounting and household furnishing. This course would aid every one in keeping house and home making which are the most universal, yet most neglected professions. It teaches simpler and more efficient methods of keeping house, and aims to implant in its pupils higher ideals and a deeper realization of their future responsibilities.

The Institutional Administration course is, in the first year, very similar to the Home-makers' course but a higher standard of work is expected from these students. Knowledge gained concerning household management, as in the

second year used to help solve the problems that arise in the management of larger institutions. Sciences, such as Chemistry and Bacteriology are studied in their relation to food. Quantity cookery and institutional management are given special attention. A six months training as pupil dietitian in some hospital or college that gives this training completes the course. Then the Administrators are ready to take positions in hospitals, dormitories or hotels, directing the buying and preparing of the food and supervising the help.

A university Arts course combined with Household Science breaks away still further from the old idea of Household Science in which cooking and sewing alone were taught. In this more attention is paid to the scientific principles underlying the preparation of food, chemistry of foods, food analysis. Bacteriology, dietetics, a study of diseases, and the dietetic treatment for them, and institutional management are included. The teaching of Household Science is also studied and opportunities for teaching and observing Household Science classes are given. If this work is carried on successfully a diploma is granted for teaching with the degree. This course is made more complete by training as a pupil dietitian also. In the professional world there





Home Makers



are many openings for teachers of Household Science, teachers in schools for hospital, tea-room or restaurant dietitians, and for food analysts.

Thus we see that Household Science courses have a value both for the home-maker and the girl who wants a career with money-making possibilities and scope for individual expression and initiative. The variety of work offered should appeal to many people and the realization by the public of the usefulness of a trained dietitian is continually creating new positions.

### LINES

God saw the brilliant colours of the sun  
Die, and the transformation of the world  
That miracle of tender twilight, come —  
The veil of darkness over all unfurled.

He took the grey from woods and skies  
And melted it into your eyes.

He looked, and saw a pine tree straight and tall,  
With gnarled strength and outstretched, bushy boughs,  
Beside a tiny cottage, baffling all  
The storms — a guardian to the little house  
And God was gracious to impart  
Its faithfulness into your heart.

God saw a star—it seemed the embodiment  
Of all that heaven held so pure and true,  
Noble and good. Then God an angel sent  
To pluck this brightest from the studded blue.  
And He this star, the heavens' best  
Into your soul did put to rest.

DOROTHY B. FOSTER





# “Monsieur le Chien”

By SARAH E. CARPIN, SEC. A.

Most people were well enough aware that Philippe de Boiségur was a rogue; few would have suspected him of being a fool. Yet only thus can one account for his madness in fancying himself safe within the grim walls of his cousin's chateau.

There he sat, enveloped in the sombre shadows of the old chamber, and he smiled as he thought of the probable fury of His Majesty's soldiers down below in the village. Then, for the nonce, he dismissed from his mind the memory of the past week's dangers, and leaned back at ease, the better to see his cousin, Madeleine de Montrouge, who stood opposite him at the deep Gothic window. Idly, he noted the weird effect of the moonlight, filtering down upon her heavy grey gown and white ruff. In the dim radiance she seemed not so much a window as a statue, cunningly wrought of hard, lifeless marble.

Presently Madeleine spoke. "But Philippe," she said, "I do not understand. It is eleven years since I have seen you, and now that you do at last confer on me the honour of a visit, why come by the window, and at night? Is it for Anjou this time, or still the Guise?"

Philippe evaded the question. Instead, "Ah, Madeleine, I have a trifling favour to beg of you. It is not much—shelter for two or three days and — if you could spare me a few hundred pistoles—you have not much use for money here, you know.

In spite of a lifetime of plotting he was not very tactful. Madeleine smiled.

"Monsieur my cousin is always welcome to my small possessions. They are at his

service. Your pardon, I shall tell Jeanne to bring candles."

"Mon Dieu, stop! They must not know I am here. I am in hiding, you understand! I must get across to Spain."

"It sounds rather like a flight, cousin Philippe. Can it be that you have committed the indiscretion of being found out?"

"Eh, you have it, Madeleine," cried Philippe ruefully. "I omitted to burn certain interesting papers, and, thanks to that prying rascal of a d'Epernon, the Valois has them. Much good may they do him. He will only discover a few more enemies among the number of his dear friends."

"And Henry de Guise, can he do nothing for you? or rather, will he not?"

"The Balafré! Pardieu! He is having trouble enough keeping his own neck intact to care very much what happens to mine. In any case I'm not so sure that he wouldn't be rather relieved to have me out of his way. The devil! I know too much for his comfort. 'Tis a sad thing to know too much, Madeleine."

"I was convinced of that eleven years ago, Monsieur. Were you pursued?"

"Pursued! The soldiers have been hot at my heels for the past week. They are down in the village this very moment. I just managed to slip through their fingers—and I haven't touched food since dawn. If you could bring me something to eat—"

"Certainly, poor Philippe! And the soldiers are in Montrouge, you say? How furious they must be. You will not mind waiting in the dark a few moments? I shall bring candles and food."

She slipped quietly from the room and left Philippe to his own reflections. They were by no means unpleasant, his reflections. The soldiers would probably never attempt the difficult climb to the chateau on the hill during the night. Most likely they would not come at all, and even if they should, there was doubtless many a hiding place in the old castle. Through the window he could see his horse quietly nibbling the grass near the crumbling wall. Beyond, past sleeping village and lonely farm, were the Pyrenees, and Spain, and safety.

Once across the border, the Lorraine princes would have to help him. As for Madeleine, there was no need to fear her. She was a forgiving little soul, and she had worshipped her gallant cousin once. Perhaps she still did. Yes, matters were not nearly as bad as they might have been.

Presently Madeleine returned with the candles, which she placed on the massive oak table. The flickering light sent long shadows wavering into the deep recesses of the chamber. Philippe glanced around the room and wondered to see it so much changed. The tapestries were worn and moth eaten, the huge stone fire place was black with the smoke of long dead fires; over all were cobwebs, and the air struck chill and heavy.

"Par la messe! it is damp as the grave. How can you live here?" he cried, shivering slightly, and drawing his short velvet cloak more closely around him.

"Why, as to that, one becomes accustomed to damp—after nine years in a convent cell; and I do not use this part of the chateau. It was by mere accident that I happened to be here to welcome you, monsieur mon cousin."

She went out again and brought food and wine. Philippe sat down and ate with the appetite of a man who has been long fasting. Madeleine busied herself about

the chamber, pouring wine for her cousin and putting away his sword and pistol, which he had left lying carelessly at the other end of the table. And all the time she talked gayly, almost hysterically.

"Things are still the same in Paris? They say that the king intends to enter a monastery. Is it true that he will form an alliance with Navarre! Even here there are rumours."

After a while she sat down quietly and watched him, and noted his haggard, unkempt appearance, his wilted ruff, his mud stained riding boots, and the bedraggled magnificence of his cloak. What a fool the man was in his security! Did he think that she had forgotten, or that she was helpless? She looked at him coldly, rather contemptuously, as he poured himself another goblet of wine.

"You have forgiven me, I hope," he said lazily, "for the slight inconvenience I was obliged to make you undergo. I did not like the idea of having you imprisoned, but the affairs of Messieurs de Guise were at a very critical turn then. As you know, a word might have spoiled all. I did not think you would betray us, especially after you were kind enough to carry those letters for us. However, Mayenne thought it best, in the interests of the Holy League."

"Ah, so it was just to make Mayenne feel more secure. I thought—"

"Exactly, Madeleine, I had to humour him, for my own safety. It is not well to oppose the Lorraine princes, even in a small matter. Come, let us not speak of it any more. You have forgiven me, you know."

But Madeleine made no reply. She sat perfectly still, looking towards the window. She appeared to be listening, waiting. A feeling of vague anxiety passed through Philippe like a cold wind.

"Madeleine," he cried uneasily, "What is the matter? Why do you not speak?"



"I was thinking. Has it not occurred to you that, perhaps, should I not be quite as forgiving as you believe, this would be rather a good opportunity to avenge myself. The soldiers are in Montrouge. You yourself have told me so."

The goblet dropped with a crash on the table as Philippe sprang to his feet. "Mon Dieu! Madeleine, you haven't — the soldiers!"

"Yes, Monsieur le comte, I have. They should be here any moment now."

With an oath he stumbled to the window, gazing fearfully over his shoulder at his cousin. His hand, as he groped forward in the deep recess, came in contact with cold iron. He glanced up. The window was barred.

"You cannot escape that way, cousin Philippe. Do not try to shake the bars. They will not move."

He rushed back to the table. Pistol and sword were gone. "Open that window, Madeleine," he gasped hoarsely, "Open it, or—"

The clear, hard, mocking voice cut across his harsh whisper. "Violence will not help you. In the antechamber are four armed men. You cannot pass them."

Philippe dropped heavily back into his chair. It was useless to struggle. There was no way out. The moments dragged by wearily, but he made no motion. He did not seem even to breathe. A thick mist of silence hung over the chamber. The tattered tapestries swayed noiselessly on the walls; the spilt wine ran in little red rivulets down the length of the table.

Hark! What was that? He started up. Faintly through the night came the thudding of horses' hoofs. The sound seemed to waken him.

"They are coming, Madeleine.....if I am caught.....open the window!"

There was no reply. She sat motionless, lost in thought.

"Madeleine, you loved me once. I always trusted you. Had it not been for Mayenne—it was Mayenne's fault!"

The galloping hoofs were coming nearer. Madeleine's lips moved slightly.

"To humour Mayenne," she murmured. Then she rose and faced her cousin. "Philippe, for eleven years I have hated you and lived for vengeance. I did you too much honour. You are not worth it. You are a cur, and one does not avenge one's self upon a dog."

She walked swiftly to the chest by the fire-place, opened it, and took out a heavy velvet purse. Then she returned to Philippe who stood gazing at her in a dazed, rather foolish manner.

"Sometimes, one even throws him a bone."

With a slight, contemptuous gesture, she dropped the purse on the table. His eyes followed her as she walked to the window. She pressed a hidden spring, and he saw the bars slide silently back into the wall. He heard her speak again.

"Go, monsieur le chien, and do not forget your bone."

Slowly, Philippe leaned over the table and picked up the purse. "Adieu, Madeleine, and—merci," he stammered.

He jumped lightly from the window, ran to his horse, mounted, and was gone; and as he disappeared, the soldiers of the king clattered noisily over the cobbled court yard and knocked impetuously at the gates of the chateau de Montrouge.



# The Life

By J. C. CAMERON, T. '25

A brace of laughing, rollicking comrades,  
 Full of the footing spirit free;  
 Some bread, a staff, and an empty flask,  
 And a white road winding endlessly;  
 And all along battalions of birds  
 Heavenly choruses carolling;  
 And a riot of rambling, sweet-breathed  
 flowers,  
 And by the road a spring!  
 And wandering wisps of wind to winnow  
 And play with innocent mirth in our  
 hair;  
 And ruddy robins rummaging  
 'Mong the rustling leaves for their  
 youngsters' fare;  
 And a kind sun kindling up above  
 His boon for the blue lake we shall  
 pass,  
 To make us look and to make us love;  
 The tender green of the grass!

Strength to prevail on the road before us;  
 Nothing behind to beckon return;  
 With time to lie down when fatigue comes  
 Couch the coolth of some wayside fern;  
 oe'r us,  
 Joy and zest for the road once more;  
 Hand-clasp with a crony we chance to  
 meet;  
 A chuckled joke then a laughing roar,—  
 Once more on our musical feet!

Picture of peerless Artist, painting  
 On crimson canvas the dear day's  
 death;  
 The dew on our feet; the colours fainting;  
 Cry of the Whip-poor-will—Hark,  
 what he saith!

Bivouac in some snug retreat;  
 Simple supper by fagot fire;  
 The morrow, new life for our liling feet,  
 And the same old desire!

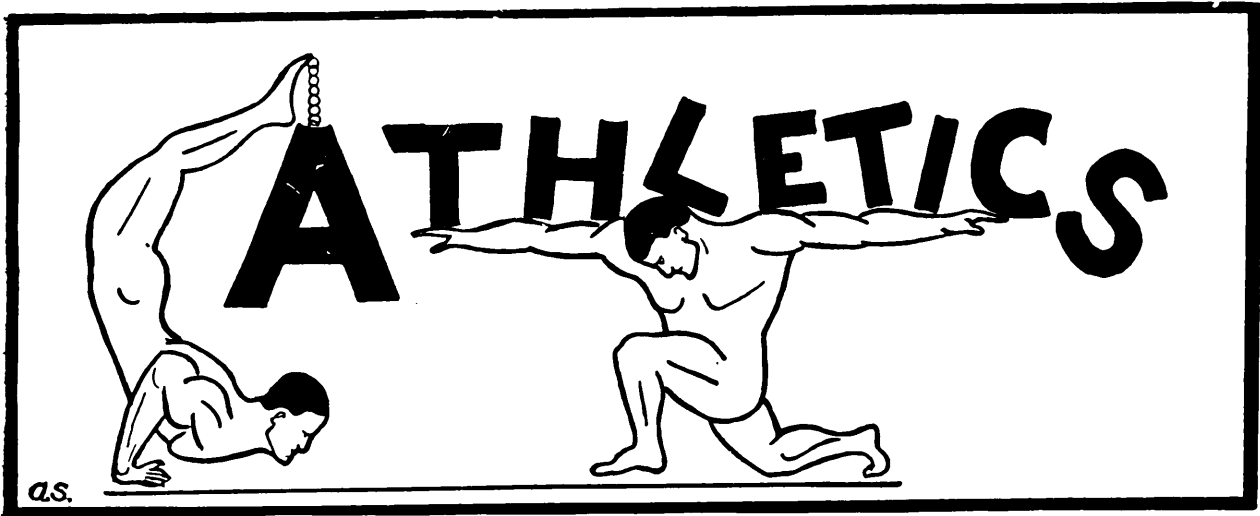






Agr. Sophs.





## Girls' Gym.

The annual intersection and individual competition were held on Saturday, April 19th, at two-thirty in the girls' gymnasium.

The balcony was crowded with spectators, who viewed with interest the blue and white uniformed figures below.

Section C opened the contest followed by Science, Section B and Section A. Owing to the capable supervision of Miss Heathcote the Sections were successful in obtaining a high standard.

Miss Wain and Miss Cartwright of Montreal who kindly officiated as

judges, were presented with small tokens in appreciation of their services by the Misses Thorne and Cullen at the close of the class competition.

A number of girls took part in the individual contest. Their work showed careful and zealous training and proved to be of unusual interest.

The judges' decisions were as follows:—

C .. .. .	87.9	per cent
A .. .. .	87.125	per cent
B .. .. .	84.835	per cent
Science .. .. .	83.875	per cent

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## The Smoker

The usual Spring Smoker was held in the Men's Gym on the evening of March 13th and incidentally became a farewell occasion in honour of the Winter Course, whose term at Macdonald College expired on the following day. The smoker came off even more successfully than had been anticipated. The gym. work instruction began later in the season than is the case usually and together with the fact that fewer numbers turned out for the weekly instruction, it was felt that the

smoker would suffer as the result. But such was not the case. Those who did turn out for the gym work evinced a very keen interest in the instruction given, and much credit is due to Mr. Sharpe for the very worthy demonstration evidenced on the night of the smoker.

W. W. Walker, president of the men's athletic association opened up the smoker by giving a short *resumé* of the athletic activities during the past season and pointed out that a great deal of work had





Freshmen



been accomplished by Mr. Sharpe, the gym instructor, during the short time at his disposal.

The evening's programme consisted of boxing, fencing, work on the parallel bars and various musical numbers. The boxing bouts were as follows.

*Heavy Weight Class.* K. A. Harrison vs. Moore. Won by K. A. Harrison.

*Light Heavy Weight Class.* R. F. V. Cooper vs Harvey. Won by Harvey.

*Middle Weight Class.* C. G. Bruce vs J. West. Won by J. West.

*Welter Weight Class.* S. F. Bruce vs Pope. Won by Pope.

Fishbourne vs Stanforth. Won by Stanforth.

The best exhibition bout of the above was that between West and C. G. Bruce. Both showed very good style although West on account of his greater aggressiveness, won the decision.

Two excellent exhibition bouts were

put on by outsiders. Three of the participants were from Verdun and the fourth was from the C. P. R. in Montreal.

The fencing consisted of the two following bouts.

R. F. V. Cooper vs Major Sharpe—Exhibition.

F. S. Ward vs P. Fernau. One Bout. Won by F. S. Ward.

Some very enjoyable vocal numbers were rendered by Messrs. Heimpel, Coulson and Millinchamp, accompanied by Mr. Mutton. The orchestra, composed of Messrs. Frank Bruce, Maurice Bruce, Steve Walford and Wallace Ward supplied some very popular jazz music throughout the evening.

During the interval refreshments were served, after which Dr. Harrison gave a short address to the departing Winter Course students. The evening's programme came to a close with the striking up of "the King," followed up closely with a hearty "Failt ye."



TO SIR WILLIAM MACDONALD  
who taught me the Agricultural Sciences  
—and other things

By ROBERT BURNS

Oh Wullie I will place thy name  
In ancient Scotia's ha's o' fame  
Wi' Harry Lauder's  
And his, whose bonnie whiskey cheers  
Unblemished by the tide o' years.  
Braw Johnnie Walker's.  
Wi talk o' Botany and cows  
Bacteriology an' ploughs  
You've filled my puir lug  
One greater gift I hae fra' you  
I've learnt to masticate an' chew  
Your ain guid cut plug.



# St. Bernard

A One-Act Play

By MR. SHAW

Scene: The Chateau de Bellevue.

Date: 166—.

The room is simply furnished with a rough table and some chairs, a Quebec heater and several feet of tin piping. Although the furniture is in keeping with the seventeenth century, an indescribable new world flavour is lent by a copy of Eaton's catalogue, and a Sunday comic supplement containing an early adventure of Mr. Jiggs. The Seigneur de Bellevue is seated by the stove with the Sunday supplement while Tom Moore who has evidently just arrived is apparently doing his best to stand in his host's light.

TOM MOORE (hesitatingly) You know I feel that I owe you an apology for surprising you like this. I must be a hundred and fifty years before my time.

THE SEIGNEUR: Don't mention it. A pleasure I can assure you. Anyway you have more right to be here than I. You have the merit of being a real person. I am entirely imaginary. Besides we are both of us merely intended to provide a background for the Saint. — that sort of thing is quite *de rigueur* in 20th Century drama.

MOORE: (vaguely) I see .....er.... and how are the crops?

THE SEIGNEUR: What a question! You surely don't imagine that any farmer would admit to a good season! I suppose you're another of these guys who thinks that a colonial life is a cinch. It's all very well for you to come here and write about shooting the rapids and all that. Look at *me*, only last week the Iroquois raided me and scalped three of my men. Went off with my cook too, the only woman in New France who could make a

decent ham omelette. The savages would have got me if I hadn't hidden in the woodpile. I had to stay there and watch them burn fifteen acres of the best spring wheat you ever saw. I tell you nobody but a fool would be a farmer.

(As he speaks a tall, reddish bearded figure has entered from without.)

THE FIGURE: Allow me to introduce myself. I am St. Bernard.

THE SEIGNEUR: Pleased to meetcher.

TOM MOORE: Glad to know you.

SAINT BERNARD: The pleasure is entirely mine. I came to correct some of your errors. Firstly, your conception of the Indians whom you are pleased to call savages is entirely wrong. Scalping your servants is as much a part of their religious belief as oversleeping on Sunday morning is of yours. And you **have no** more right to criticize their belief than I have to criticize yours. As to the ham omelette the obvious solution is **to turn** vegetarian. I assure you that you will **be a new man**.

There remains the spring wheat. I suggest that had you planted in the autumn.....

THE SEIGNEUR: But the winters are too severe for fall wheat.....

SAINT BERNARD: Don't interrupt. I was just coming to that. What you need is an agricultural college to develop winter resistant varieties. However, I can set your mind at rest. You won't get one. At least not for two hundred and fifty years —and when it *is* established, it will be without exception the most incompetent superstitions and backward institution in North America, and will devote most of

its energies to teaching Bacteriology and such pernicious pseudo-sciences.

TOM MOORE: Excuse me interrupting, but I still don't see why I have been dragged in to listen to all this.

SAINT BERNARD: You sir are to provide a contrast. To show that Ireland does nothing by halves. Her sons are either supremely great like me or supremely little like you. To return—when

I think of the time which must elapse, of the blood which must be spilt before the Rights.....

THE SEIGNEUR: (awakening with a start) Wrights? Sure, let's go. (Rises to go out).

TOM MOORE: (also rising) Isn't the Quebec Liquor Commission nearer?

CURTAIN



Girls' Base-Ball



(Continued from page 262)

Miss R.—“Wrong, sit down. Next, Benny!”

Benny—For men may come and men may go,

But we go on forever.”

Miss R.—“Yes, that’s right.”

Joe (boldly) —“Please, it’s wrong!”

Miss R.—“Joe, go and put your face in the corner!” Go on Benny!

Benny — “I’ve forgot it.”

Miss R.—“Minnie, wouldn’t you like to say it?”

Minnie (bashfully)—“No thank you!”

— Curtain —

## Scene II

Oral Composition—a picture study of “The Princes in the Tower”—

Miss Reck—(choosing the star pupil) “Betty dear, and what do *you* see in the picture?”

Betty (knowingly) — “Two little boys with long hair.”

Miss R.—“Are they happy like you, do you think?”

Class — (wildly) —“Oh! yes.”

Miss R. (surprised) — “What makes you think that?”

Charlie Hong Kong—“Please, dey velly happy, dey all dlessed up!”

Miss R. (hopefully)—“But, doesn’t anyone think they look sad?”

Class (obligingly) “Yes!”

Miss R.—“Why, children?”

Hands wave madly.

Felix—“Maybe they’re on the way to school.”

Miss R.—“But Felix, little boys love school.”

Sadie—“Perhaps their mother won’t let them play in their best suits.”

Miss R.—“I don’t think that’s why, dear!”

Sammy (suddenly inspired) — Oh! teacher, I know—their mother won’t let them have their hair cut, and they look like girls!”

Loud laughter from the class.

Miss R.—“Silence!”

The noise continues — exist Mr. C. Hall muttering — “Poor discipline!” He has seen enough.

— Curtain —

## Scene III—Recess.

Miss Reck (in a state of exhaustion, alone in the room).

Loud shrieks and much stamping on the stairs. Enter—Precival (bawling)—“Tommy hit me on my mouth—Boo-hoo!”

Miss R.—“Where is Tommy?”

He is not to be found.

Miss R.—“There, there, Percival, don’t cry, dear!”

Percival continues to bawl—“He called me a sissy!”

Rebecca enters (followed by mob) — ‘Please Miss Reck, de boy Izzie he trowed a big rock across de girls’ yard and he hit Sarah on de head, and she has de big bump!’

The bell rings, pandemonium reigns supreme. At last, what a blessed relief, twelve o’clock has come—

“Good-morning class!”

A mad rush of running feet and waving arms.—Exit.

— Curtain —

The interlude is over and I must unburden my soul to “My Confessions.”

Education is the light of life, without it we could not exist—the problem is, how to impart this to the minds under our care? We learned, when in training that we must make the lessons interesting, keep expanding our own knowledge, have infinite patience and tact, *and*, if we go to a dance the night before, do not take it out on the children the next day.

I confess that a headache makes me very cross — but I try to forget it — one of the children might have a worse one. Another confession — I once heard

something about the Austrian method of subtraction—I've forgotten it! How about the Preparation, Presentation, etc? — I've forgotten it! What is the difference between a Drill and a Review lesson?—forgotten!

I've forgotten so much that I don't believe I ever knew. It's certainly easier to teach than to be taught and the only way to do it, is to get a class of your own and work, work, WORK! (my plans are not very up-to-date).

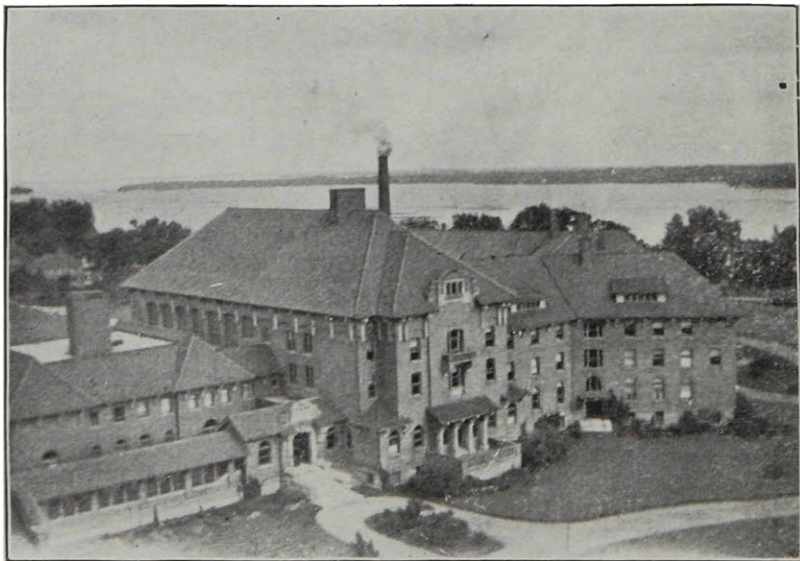
Still another confession — my conscience pricks me yet when I think that I gave one of the "Mac" girls a music lesson to Grade III, and she was observed. The next day out would come that black book (Room 175, was it?) and a voice from the depths would say, "Miss Brown, where did you learn to sing? Do you come from Westmount?"

I have never taken a Nature Study lesson except once, and then Bobbie told me that a frog had wings, and Solomon said that a mosquito was as big as a spider. Once is sufficient!

"Do you find your work interesting?" a member of the School Board asked.

I replied, "Oh, yes, the children are so sweet and they appreciate so much what is done for them!" In their own little ways they do appreciate our efforts, and therein lies the compensation. What good is given them in school, should help them all through life. Keep up the good work!

Did I earn my pay each month this year?—Yes, very cent even to the \$0.19. Why not \$0.20. I confess that some day I hope to spend a happy, comfortable old age on the large pension granted us, and that extra cent each month would help a lot!





# We have been asked to publish the following which have been awarded prizes in competitions held at the High School

I

By BARBARA WRIGHT

Ste. Anne de Bellevue, Quebec.  
April 28th, 1925.

Dear Little Cousin,—

No doubt you will be greatly surprised when you open this letter and find you have been addressed by somebody entirely strange to you as cousin. Perhaps if you were to stop and think for a minute, you might understand why. Are not all of us who belong to the British Empire related to each other?

I must now tell you something about our Dominion, which I hope will prove of some interest to you. Perhaps you would like to hear something about the history of Canada. Canada as you may know is rather a young country compared with some of the older countries of the world. Many years ago when the first white settlers arrived in Canada they found it inhabited by savage Indians who gradually as the years rolled by adopted European customs. In those early years great quarrels used to arise between the French and English settlers and also the Indians who as a rule were on the winning side, about the boundary lines, and also about the different cities and towns as to whom they should belong.

Many cruel laws were passed in those early days and men were put to death for the most trivial offences so that we are all very thankful that we are not living in those hard cruel years.

I would like to write more but it is now time for me to close.

Yours truly,  
Barbara Wright.

## AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A PARASOL.

A parasol was being delivered with many articles of its kind to a large mansion in Montreal. As it lay in its box at the bottom of a huge van, the thought suddenly came to it of looking about at its surroundings. Just at that moment the van stopped with a jerk. The parasol became quite startled, and to make matters even worse another box was moved, which lay beside the parasol. It was lifted not too gently right out, this jarring the parasol greatly.

"Pray don't be startled, my dear," piped a tiny voice which seemed not to be in the least startled with all this confusion.

"But what was that?" asked the terrified parasol almost in tears.

"Oh that was only a little carelessness on the part of the driver, you will soon get used to that," said another voice."

"Who are you?" said the parasol looking around in all directions.

"Oh, I am the cardboard box in which you now lie," laughed the box. And now that we have each made ourselves known to each other perhaps you would be kind enough to tell me where you came from as I am very interested in you."

"Why yes, most certainly, I will, on condition that you will tell me where you came from later," said the parasol, very eager to begin. "In the first place I was no more than a tree, then strong men came into the forest and hurled me to the ground. From there I was taken to a nearby factory and after going through

many different processes I was at last rolled up and shipped away to a country very strange to me in a large ship. This country I afterwards found was called, 'The land of the Rising Sun,' or Japan. From there I was taken to a larger factory than the former one. I was then cut by dainty Japanese maidens' hands into this peculiar shape. Then I was carried into a most beautifully decorated room and painted by other Japanese maidens. At last I was completed and after being greatly admired I was sent away in another ship until I reached Montreal. Upon arrival there, I was sent to a large departmental store in the city." Just at that moment the van stopped.

The conversation stopped, and the cardboard box had just time to thank the parasol for the interesting talk and to say good afternoon.

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#### A DIALOGUE.

##### THE FRIENDLY ANIMALS

"I am perfectly convinced that I am to be taken in the house and tied to it on cold nights," said the horse.

"Well, I am certain that it is some new kind of food," said the pig, always on the lookout for food.

"Well, well, and what is all the trouble about now?" said the hen, as she strutted into the stable.

"It is all about that tree which was brought into the farmhouse a short time ago."

"Why!" said the hen, "did you not know that I am to roost in there on cold nights?"

The other animals looked puzzled, and were just thinking of something to say when in walked "Mistress Tabby," the parlour cat.

"My, what an awful noise you animals are making," said she. "I heard you talking while I was comfortably seated in the parlour ready for my afternoon nap, and of course, I could not think of sleep with all that noise, and so I decided to come out and see what could be the matter."

After the cat had finished speaking, there was silence, the horse, however, was the first to speak.

"We all wish to know what that tree was brought into the house for the other day. My friend the pig is certain that it is some new kind of food, whilst I am convinced I am to be taken in and tied to it on cold nights.

The cat laughed, "Oh, you foolish animals, do you not know that it is what mortals call a Christmas tree?"

"And what is a Christmas tree may I ask?" said the hen."

"Well, it is a tree used at this time of the year by mortals to hang presents on. Last year I received a brand new ribbon," said the cat as she left the stable.

"Oh," sighed the other animals. "how unfortunate."

## II

By BETTY RITCHIE

Ste. Anne de Bellevue, P. Q., Can.  
April 29, 1925

Dear Friend,—

Our school is in a college on the Ottawa River which you will probably find on the map as a part of the division between Ontario and Quebec. The river is about three quarters of a mile wide

around here. The people go out in motor boats, yachts, rowboats, and canoes.

The best place to swim around here is a wharf which belongs to the Clarendon Hotel. Nearly all the English-speaking boys and girls about my age go there. We turn somersaults, dive, jump, splash and everything that anybody ever did when



they were swimming. The water is about ten feet deep near the wharf, so there is not much danger of hitting the bottom.

In the winter about the end of November the snow falls. About Christmas when the snow is about three feet deep, the rink begins—so does the fun and all other sports like sliding, ski-ing, snow-shoeing, skating, snow fights and sleigh drives. Of all them I like the skating best. The river is good for skating just about the time the rink is. It isn't safe until we have had the temperature about zero three or four times. The snow sometimes gets wet or melts a little and sticks to the ice so we can't skate on it.

I don't want you to think Canada is cold and bare, for it isn't. In the summer when I look at the island on the other side of the river called Ile Perrot it is green and bluish green. The green is the maple trees and elms, beech, willows, birch, poplar, Manitoba maples, and the dark green is pines and other evergreens. Autumn comes. The light green changes to red and yellow in spots. That is the famous Sugar Maple. The other part of the light green changes to paler green and brown. The evergreens remain the same. Winter comes then. All is grey except the evergreens again. Towards spring, the trees gradually turn brown, then green. It is summer again. I think it is very interesting and pretty to watch.

The college campus is kept green and short because it is used by the staff of the college for a golf course. The shrubs and trees on the campus are laid out so that they are shown to the best advantage.

When you write back you can tell me about your country, and think about me and mine.

Yours truly,  
Betty Ritchie.

## THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A TELEGRAPH WIRE

"Oh! Isn't it lovely to be up so high with the wind whistling by! It's a long time since I've felt and heard it," said a piece of copper wire.

"Were you speaking to me?" asked a piece of steel that formed part of the post.

"No, but we as well begin now. I was thinking over my past life—"

"Oh, please tell me about it! I have never had any adventures worth talking about," interrupted the steel.

"Well, the first thing I can remember is a heavy thud right above me, and a sudden ray of light. It was dazzling as it shone on me for I had lain for centuries in the cold, damp earth. Then a chisel was put behind me, and I was taken out.

I was then loaded up with a pile of other rocks with copper in them and taken to a factory to be cleaned. I didn't exactly understand what cleaned meant but I seemed to have a queer sensation as if I was being pulled apart or heated. I ran away from the stone to which I had been connected and found myself in a round tube. Suddenly it was opened, and I came out in the shape of wire.

I will skip the part when I was taken away and nailed for the first time on—"

"For the *first* time? Why! Have you been used before?" again interrupted the steel.

"Yes, I was put up out West on a pole beside a railroad track.

One day I was peacefully carrying messages along when one passed through. "S. O. S." That means save our souls. Then I noticed a man with a mask on climbing the pole which supported me. He cut me, and I dropped to the ground. Then he went into the station where other men must have been. I know, because I heard one say so as they passed to

their horses and went.

A few days later more men came too, and I was brought here to be used again."

"Is that the end?" inquired the steel.

"Yes. Some day, when messages aren't coming along so fast you can tell me about your life," replied the wire.

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### THE GLASS AND THE FRAME MEET

"Dear me!" exclaimed a piece of wood that had been nailed into the shape of a window. "How unfortunate! Here comes another Something that I shall have to put up with besides these nails."

"Good afternoon!" said a piece of glass, which was the "other Something," as it gazed around the room. It was to be the window-pane.

"Good afternoon," replied the wood coolly.

"I've come an awfully long way, right from Africa, you know. I was on the

Sahara Desert there, where the heat is burning! Only natives ever come anywhere near my part of the desert. It was too hot. I don't know exactly how long I was there but one day the tables changed. Some men came and took me away "to melt" I heard them say so melt I did, and now I'm here in the shape of a piece of glass, two by one-and-a-half. Much smaller than before, isn't it?"

"Well, I've been out in British Columbia," said the wood, warming up a little," on one of the mountains in the Rockies. I have not lived so long as to have lost count of my years. My tables changed one day, too. Men came to my hill and I saw my brothers go, one after another, crashing down the hillside. Then my turn came, I went down too. I lost track of my other parts, and now I am a frame. I, too, am greatly reduced!"

"Well," sighed the glass as it slipped into its place, "we can bear our troubles together for a few more years.

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### III

By DORIS LOCKHART

Macdonald College, Que., Canada.

April 28, 1925.

Dear little Cousin:—

I am going to try and write you a letter telling you about the country where I live.

Macdonald is a college situated on the Island of Montreal. It is only about twenty miles from the city of Montreal. The buildings of the College are quite large and are made of brick. There are about eight of them. In the summer months that is (June, July and August) different vines creep over the sides of the buildings and make the walls look green.

The temperature of the Province of Quebec in summer averages about 85 deg. in the shade. Once in a while it will go

up as high as 93 deg. In the winter it averages 25 deg. below zero. We usually have above five or six feet of snow. In the autumn the leaves on the trees and bushes turn brown and fall off. The leaves of the maple tree not only brown but also red and yellow. In the spring the buds form on the trees and during the months of May and June the leaves open up.

We have many different kinds of birds here, such as the robin, bluebird, sparrow, woodpecker, cedar waxwing, purple martin and the blackbird. These birds come up from the southern parts of United States and stay here all summer. In the autumn about the month of September they go back because it gets too cold here.



We have many kinds of sports, in winter we go skating, ski-ing, toboggan-ing, and snow-shoeing. In summer we play base-ball, tennis, and go swimming.

Well, little Cousin, I must close now.

Yours truly,

Doris Lockhart.

## AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A RING

One day as a handkerchief and a gold ring were lying together on a table, the handkerchief said to the ring:

"My, how nice and shiny you are to-day! I wish I was half as pretty as you are. Wherever did you come from?"

"Oh, I came from one of the large fashionable stores where there are many others like myself."

"Yes, but I mean, where did you originally come from?" explained the handkerchief.

"Well, if you really want to know my history, I will tell it to you," said the ring. "The first thing I can remember was that I was a small lump of gold lying beside a river. A man came along and found me and picked me up. He took me to a goldsmith. There I was melted and had some other kind of metal added to me. I was then put into a mould and left until I was very hard—"

"Then what happened to you?" asked the handkerchief becoming very much interested.

"Just wait and I will tell you," resumed the ring. "I was taken out of the mould and put on to a tray. In a few days one of the girls that was working for the goldsmith took me into a room where I heard her say that I was to be decorated. Here I was given to one of

the head designers. He took me and cut a pattern on me, then I was put back on another tray and carried to the shipping room. I was put in a small box and taken to the store where my mistress bought me. After I was taken out of the box, I found myself in a large room with many people in it. I was put on the counter where a clerk picked me up and examined me."

"What a wonderful experience!" exclaimed the handkerchief.

"Oh, I don't think that it is so very wonderful but it may be interesting. Well as I said, I was on the counter when a lady came in and picked me up. She looked me all over and then tried me on. I noticed that she had many others that were far nicer than I was. She praised me and said how she wanted to keep me but that I didn't fit any of her fingers. So she laid me down and walked away. That same day my mistress and her friend came into the store to look at some rings. She noticed me first. She picked me up and immediately decided to buy me. Well, she paid for me and I was packed into another little box. I was carried home and laid on a table.

Yesterday I heard her say that she was going to wear me this afternoon, so that is the end of my story. Now tell me about your's," finished the ring.

"I don't think I have time, because I also heard my mistress say that she would take me out to-day. Here she comes now. Good-bye. Thanks for telling me your story. I think that it is just wonderful, and the next time that we are together I will tell you mine." replied the handkerchief.

"Good-bye," answered the ring just as it was lifted off the table.

## THE ROBIN AND THE BLUEBIRD

One day early in the Spring, when the birds were beginning to come back from the South, a robin and a bluebird met:

"Good morning, Mr. Bluebird."

"Good morning Mrs. Robin. Well for goodness sakes, if it isn't my old friend whom I went away with in the Autumn! Where were you, this long winter? You remember that we started South together but then," here Mr. Bluebird sighed, "we had to part, and go in different directions. I was just hoping that I would see you again."

"Yes," replied Mrs. Robin. "I remember how we had just nicely started when we had to part. Mr. Robin and I went on down to the country that the people call Carolina. There we made our home and had five beautiful young robins, but as soon as they learnt the use of their wings they flew away. Then one day

we had an awful blizzard so we decided to go farther south. We travelled for a long time until we arrived in the country of Georgia. It was much warmer there and a better place for the winter. We stayed here until February and then we came back to Canada. Have you seen any of our friends about?"

"No, I haven't," answered Mr. Bluebird. "I think that we must have come up North too early, because it is so cold. There doesn't seem to be much that I can find to eat."

"I have just finished building my nest. I don't think that anybody would ever be able to find it. It is in the top of an old barn just under the roof where an old oak tree shades it. I am so proud of it. Seeing you are an old friend of mine I will show it to you. Follow me."

The robin then flew away followed by the bluebird to an old barn where she showed him her nest.



# Macdonald

By E. L. E.

The anniversary of the birth of Sir William Macdonald reminds us that the founding of Macdonald College created a birthright for the Canadian people. In it we have both an asset and a liability. As an asset Macdonald has a real place among Canadian institutions of higher learning. As a liability the college demands the best that we have to offer.

Macdonald is coming into her own. Our student body is again assuming normal proportions. Our rugby, hockey and basket ball teams have made a better showing this season than for many years past. Our courses have been broadened and we believe strengthened by the addition of post-graduate work, the first agricultural college in Canada to put this on the regular curriculum. A department of the college has originated the most important step in the improvement of the dairy industry since the establishment of the Record of Performance. Another department has distributed superior strains of farm crops and hopes soon to release still more. Our staff includes research men of international note. Macdonald has much to be proud of. Let us think of these things. Let us live up to them.

Macdonald has a wonderful opportunity. She stands unique among our agricultural colleges as one having no political harness, no denominational leading strings, only the highest ideals of service to govern her actions. There is a tremendous field of work for such an institution. And with this opportunity comes also responsibility. The responsibility of those who guide alone exceeds the responsibility of the students within her walls. In the eyes of the world, an

institution, like a factory, is judged by her finished product. Our graduates will publish abroad the record of the college for good or evil. In this the responsibility is ours. Success is the measure of the fulfillment of opportunity. We have the opportunity.

The man who does not believe his alma mater is the best in the world has missed something vital in college life. That is the essence of college spirit. Loyalty to the college entails loyalty to our fellows, and above all, loyalty to the best within ourselves. A few short weeks ago a college team was hopelessly outclassed in a fairly fought game in the college gymnasium. Before full time was called the enthusiastic crowd which gathered at the beginning had dwindled to a mere handful. The team was left to accept defeat without even the moral support of those whom they represented. If the team had given up at half time, what would the college have thought of them? Only a player can realize what the lack of backing means at such a time. No team can make a college, but every college largely makes its team. We are the college. Our spirit is the college spirit. Let us not be found wanting again.

No one can buy the college spirit. It awakens in a man at the time he finds himself a real living part of the college. To miss it is to miss the soul of college life. We have discarded the one function which formally introduced the new student to colleg life. In forbidding initiations we have largely dethroned the college spirit of the college to which we owe allegiance. Loyalty, sobriety, and industry made Macdonald possible. Without these she cannot fulfill the destiny which is hers.





*The Superior One:* Where on earth did you get those boots?

*Student Worker:* They aren't boots—they're agricultural implements.

*Senior:* Is the mail in yet?

*Junior:* It's in but it's not out.

A woman who was going to Egypt had to be inoculated against typhoid. She was unable to keep a dinner appointment she had made for the next day, and sent her daughter, aged eight, to make her excuse. "And what did you say?" she asked the child on her return. "Exactly what you told me," was the reply. "I said: 'Mummy can't come because she was intoxicated yesterday and has a bad headache.' "

*Dear Old Lady:* (to student worker who is perspiring under a loaded wheel-

barrow). I remember you at the Binks' last week, but now I suppose I see you in your proper environment.

*The Hostess:* And what are you doing Mr. MacGraduate now that you have your degree.

*Mac Graduate* (modestly) Oh, I am engaged in research work—er—looking for a job you know.

*First Grad.* What'll we do now that the boss has fired us.

*Second Grad.* Oh, I dunno. Go back and take another postgraduate course, I guess.—Clipped.

There was a young man of Quebec  
Who fell in some ice to his neck  
When they asked "Are you frizz?"  
He replied "Yes, I is  
But we don't call *this* cold in Quebec."

He had returned to his native village after an absence of some years and was enquiring about his old friends and acquaintances."

"And where's old Cooke?" was one question.

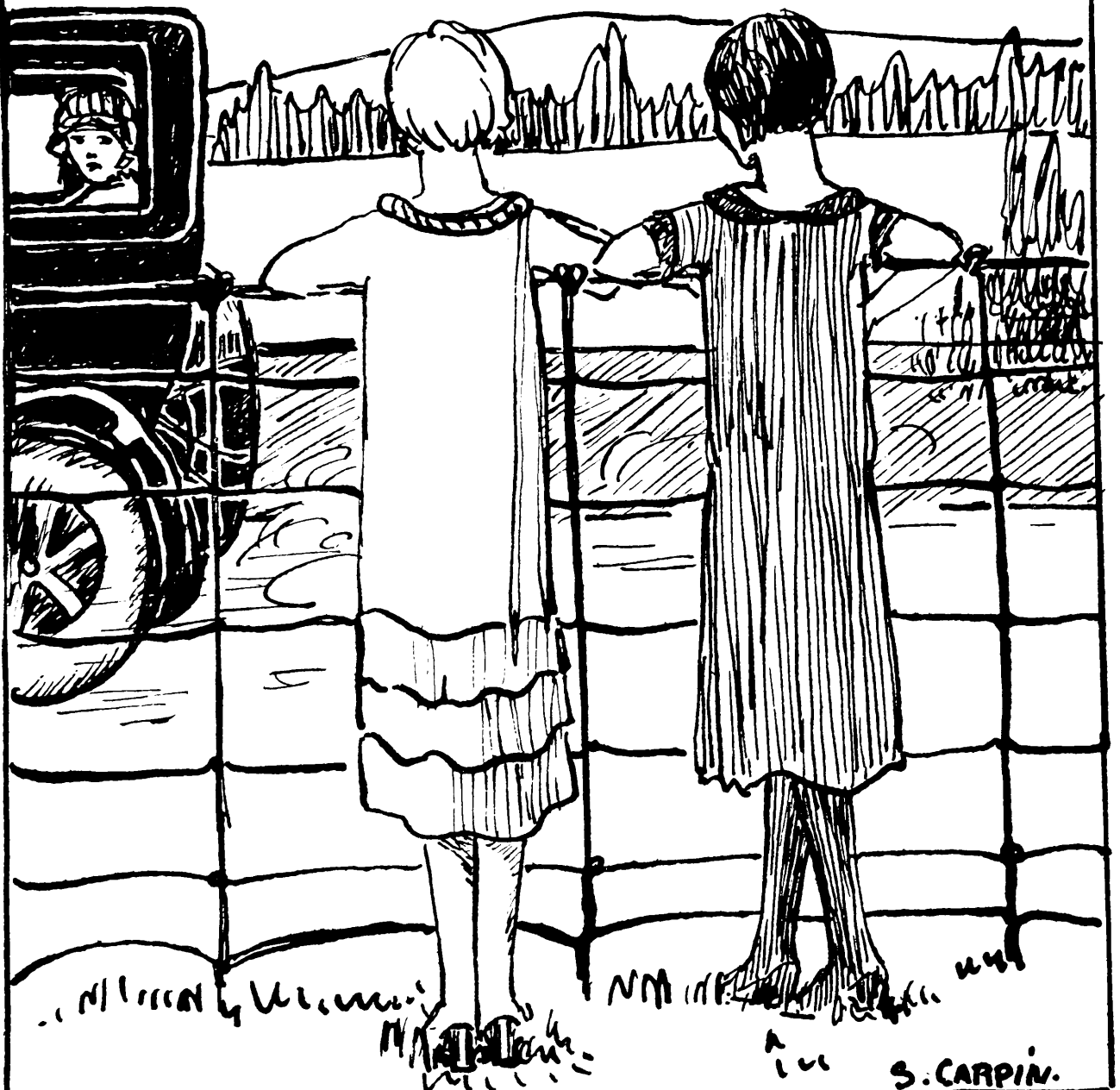
"Dead."

"Dead? Well, peace to his ashes."

"Oh," said the informant, "do you think he's gone there?"—Clipped.

A resident at Sevenoake, who has to have been married last Saturday, was carried on by the train a long way down the line. Annoying, perhaps, but we have little sympathy with people who marry below their own station.—Clipped.

Stone walls do not a prison  
make -  
Nor iron bars a cage.



# List of Graduates and their Addresses

## CLASS '11.

- † W. H. Brittain, Professor of Entomology and Zoology and Provincial Entomologist, Truro, N. S.  
 \* F. E. Buck, Professor of Horticulture, University of British Columbia, Columbia, Vancouver, B. C.  
 † R. P. Gorham, Ass't Entomologist, Dominion Entomological Laboratory, Fredericton, N. B.  
 F. S. Grisdale, Principal and Agronomist, Agricultural School, Olds, Alta.  
 \* \* F. H. Grindley, General Secretary, C. S. T. A., Box 625, Ottawa, Ont.  
 † Robert Innes, Coldbrook, N. S.  
 † W. J. Reid, Director of Agricultural Instruction, Dep't of Agriculture, Charlottetown, P. E. I.  
 † Dr. A. Savage, Professor of Animal Pathology, Manitoba Agricultural College, Winnipeg, Man.  
 † C. M. Spencer, Great North Road, Henderson, New Zealand.  
 E. M. Straight, Superintendent, Experimental Station, Saanichton, R. M. D., Victoria, B. C.  
 † R. Summerby, Professor of Agronomy, Macdonald College, Que.  
 † C. Sweet, Chief Seed Analyst, 117 Victoria St., Ottawa, Ont.  
 † C. Williams, Senior Field Supervisor, Soldiers' Settlement Board, Charlottetown, P. E. I.  
 † G. W. Wood, Professor of Animal Husbandry, Manitoba Agricultural College, Winnipeg, Man.

## CLASS '42.

- † W. W. Baird, Superintendent of Experimental Farm, Nappan, N. S.  
 † F. A. Brown, Ass't Superintendent Experimental Farm, Lennoxville, Que.  
 † A. A. Campbell, Farming, Patricia, Alta.  
 \* † M. B. Davis, Chief Ass't Horticulturist, Central Experimental Farm, Ottawa.  
 H. B. Durost, Farming, Woodstock, N. S.  
 S. M. Fiske, Farming, Martintown, Ont.  
 K. M. Fiske, Farming, c/o S. M. Fiske, Martintown, Ont.  
 † D. B. Flewelling, Farming, Vancouver, B. C.  
 † R. S. Kennedy, Advertising Promotion Manager, Montreal Daily Star, Montreal, Que.  
 † E. A. Lods, Extension Agronomist, Macdonald College, Que.  
 † R. Newton, Professor of Plant Biochemistry, University of Alberta, Edmonton, Alta.  
 † A. R. Ness, Lecturer in Animal Husbandry, Macdonald College, Que.  
 † L. V. Parent, Manager, Co-operative Wool Growers Limited Lennoxville Que.  
 † L. C. Raymond, Ass't Prof. of Agronomy, Macdonald College, Que.  
 R. Rhoades, Ass't Chief, Poultry Division, Live Stock Branch, Dominion Dep't of Agriculture, Ottawa, Ont.  
 † J. G. Robertson, Live Stock Commissioner, Parliament Buildings, Regina, Sask.  
 † J. M. Robinson, Field Superior, S. E. B., Salmon Arm, B. C.  
 † J. A. Simard, District Feed, Seed, and Fertilizer Inspector, P. O. Building, Quebec, Que.

## CLASS '13.

- ^ J. S. Dash, Prof. of Agriculture and Agronomy, Tropical Agricultural College, Trinidad, B. W. I.  
 \* † E. M. DuPorte, Lecturer in Entomology and Zoology, Macdonald College, Que.  
 A. F. Emberley, Farming, Ayer's Cliff, Que.  
 † W. H. Gibson, Superintendent, Government Farm, Indian Head, Sask.  
 A. C. Gorham, Director of Agricultural Education, Sussex, N. B.  
 G. C. Holliday, Farming, Sawyerville, Que.  
 † M. H. Jenkins, Ass't Sup't., Experimental Station, Nappan, N. S.  
 † J. K. King, District Sheep and Swine Promoter, Moncton, N. B.  
 † G. LeLacheur, Dominion Seed Branch, Ottawa, Ont.  
 \* D. E. Lothian, Canadian Emigration Agent, 116 Union St., Aberdeen, Scotland.  
 † Kenneth MacBean, Ass't. Sup't., Experimental Farm, Agassiz, B. C.  
 † Victor Matthews, Superintendent, Experimental Farm, Scott, Sask.  
 † L. D. McClintock, County Representative, Knowlton, Que.  
 † W. A. Middleton, Horticulture Dep't., University of B. C., Vancouver, B. C.  
 † G. E. O'Brien, Canadian Co-operative Wool Growers, 217 Bay St., Toronto, Ont.  
 † A. E. Raymond, Farming, Woodstock, N. B.  
 B. B. Richardson, Farming, Oxford Mills, Ont.  
 † F. N. Savoie, Secretary of Agriculture, Quebec, Que.

## CLASS '14.

- E. N. Blondin, County Agricultural Agent, Meade Building, Rutland, Vt., U. S. A.  
 C. A. Coffin, (Address Unknown.)  
 C. A. Cooke, Provincial Dep't. of Agriculture, Prince Albert, Sask.  
 † P. R. Cowan, Cerealist, C. E. Farm, Ottawa, Ont.  
 R. Dougall, 40 Jeppe Street, Pretoria, South Africa.  
 \* F. L. Drayton, Plant Pathologist, C. E. Farm, Ottawa, Ont.  
 H. J. M. Fiske, Manager, Walker Fruit Co., Weyburn, Sask.  
 R. I. Hamilton, Ass't. Agrostologist, C. E. Farm, Ottawa, Ont.  
 † D. W. Hamilton, Prof. of Agricultural Education, Pullman, Washington, D. C., U. S. A.  
 † C. H. Hodge, Ass't. Agricultural Editor, Family Herald and Weekly Star, Montreal, Que.  
 R. R. Heustis, Zoology Dep't., University of California, Berkeley, Cal.  
 R. E. Huske, Farming, Glenelm, Que.  
 † W. L. MacFarlane, Farming, Fox Harbour Point, N. S.  
 † G. G. Moe, Assoc.-Prof. of Agronomy, University of B. C. Vancouver, B. C.  
 \* G. W. Muir, Animal Husbandman, C. E. Farm, Ottawa, Ont.  
 † W. Newton, Coastal Laboratory, Carmel, Cal., U. S. A.  
 T. F. Ritchie, Ass't. Horticulturist, C. E. Farms, Ottawa, Ont.

(Continued on page 260)





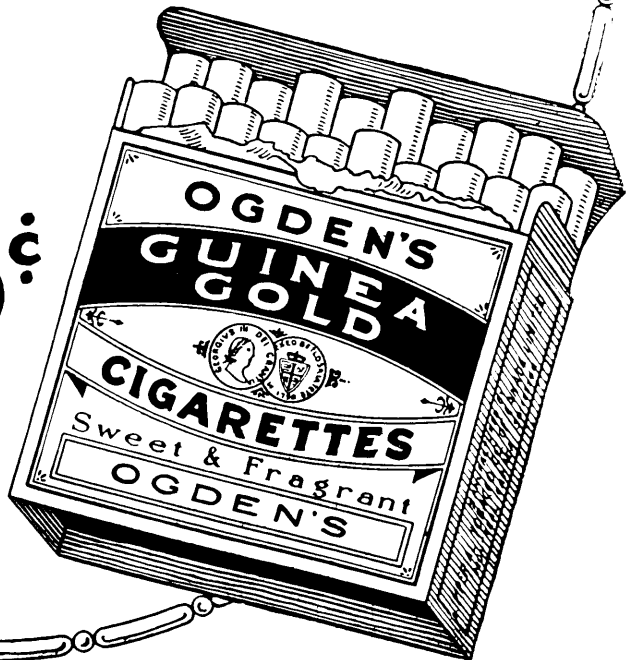
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(Continued from page 258)

† A. O. Schafheitlin, Farming, Canning, N. S.

## CLASS '15.

- G. C. Boyce, Farming, Athelstan, Que.  
 V. B. Burling, Ass't. General Manager, Deloro Chemical Co., Deloro, Ont.  
 H. I. Evans, Field Supervisor, Sussex, N. B.  
 E. L. Hodgins, Elmhurst Farm, Portage du Fort, Que.  
 J. H. King, Manager, Co-operative Creamery, Moncton, N. B.  
 † W. G. MacDougall, County Agriculturist, Lennoxville, Que.  
 \* J. E. McOuat, Principal, Kenogami Intermediate School, Kenogami, Que.  
 \* † L. C. McOuat, Bacon Specialist, Live Stock Branch, Ottawa, Ont.  
 H. D. Mitchell, 1759 Hutchison St., Montreal, Que.  
 F. Y. Presley, Business Manager, Committee on Economic Research, Harvard University, 26 Ellis St., Malden, Mass., U. S. A.  
 † E. M. Ricker, Director of Agriculture, Norfolk County Agriculture School, H. B. Roy, c/o R. W. Little, Director of European Immigration, 1 Regent St., London, S. W. I. England.  
 † Chas. Russell, Professor of Elementary Education, Director of Junior Normal College, Toledo University, Toledo Ohio.  
 \* W. Sadler, Professor of Dairying, University of B. C. Vancouver, B. C.  
 † A. G. Taylor, Poultry Husbandman, C. E. Farm, Ottawa, Ont.  
 L. J. Westbrooke, Farming, South Bryon, N. Y., U. S. A.  
 H. F. Williamson, Supervisor of Agriculture Projects, M. A. C., Amherst, Mass., U. S. A.

## CLASS '16.

- T. H. Biggar, Farming, Huntingdon, Que.  
 G. B. Boving, Extension Ass't. in Agronomy, University of B. C. Vancouver, B. C.  
 † E. S. Cochiane, Farming, Clarenceville, Que.  
 Rev. L. W. F. Crothers, Quyon, Que.  
 J. G. C. Fraser, Ass't. in Cereal Division, C. E. Farm, Ottawa, Ont.  
 C. B. Gooderham, Dominion Apiarist, C. E. Farm, Ottawa, Ont.  
 † G. C. Hay, Acting Live Stock Commission, Parliament Buildings, Victoria, B. C.  
 O. C. Hicks, Soils and Crops Division, University of N. B. Fredericton, N. B.  
 \* C. B. Hutchings, Ass't. Entomologist, Dept. of Agr., Ottawa, Ont.  
 A. E. Hyndman, 5071 Sherbrooke St., W., Westmount, Que.  
 † C. Lyster, Markets Representative, Dep't. of Agr., Union Stock Yards, Toronto, Ont.  
 \* J. Harold McOuat, Principal, New Carlisle School, New Carlisle, Que.  
 † J. C. Moynan, Ass't. to the Chief Supervisor, Division of Illustration Stations, C. E. F., Ottawa, Ont.  
 † R. Schafheitlin, Manager, Canard Fruit Co., Canning, N. S.  
 † J. A. Ste. Marie, Sup't., Experimental Station, Ste. Anne de la Pocatière, Que.  
 W. E. Sutton, Farm Manager, Lyndonville, Vt., U. S. A.

## CLASS '17.

- Alex Bothwell, Agricultural Demonstrator, Lachute, Que.  
 † H. S. Cunningham, Professor of Botany, Truro Agr. Coll.,  
 † G. H. Dickson, Ass't. in Charge of Hardy Fruit Work, Vineland Experimental Station, Vineland, Ont.  
 † R. M. Elliot, Senior Hog Grading Inspector, Dep't. of Agr., Ottawa, Ont.

R. C. M. Fiske, Regina, Sask.

T. G. Hetherington, Supervisor of Illustration Stations for N. B., Fredericton, N. B.

- † L. R. Jones, Farming, Swanton, Vt., U. S. A.  
 † J. D. Newton, Assoc. Prof. of Soils, Univ. of Alberta, Edmonton, Alta.  
 \* Dr. C. Morris, Dentist, Birks Building, Montreal, Que.  
 L. C. Roy, County Agriculturist, Cookshire, Que.  
 † E. S. Spicer, Farming, Spencer's Island, Cumberland Co., N. S.  
 E. G. Wood, Agricultural Extensionman, Hamiota, Man.

## CLASS '18.

- G. E. Arnold, Farming, Grenville, Que.  
 † C. E. Boulden, Farming, Windsor, N. S.  
 F. B. Kinsman, Supervisor of Illustration Stations for N. B. and N. S., Lakeville, N. S.  
 † A. Kelsall Entomologist in Charge of Insecticide Investigations, Annapolis Royal, N. S.  
 H. S. Mace, Farming, 38 Nichols St., Rutland, Vt., U. S. A.  
 † A. E. McMahon, Manager of Insecticide and Fungicide Division, John Cowan Chemical Co., Montreal, Que.  
 † Miss M. Newton, Professor of Biology, University of Saskatchewan, Saskatoon, Sask.  
 \* † R. J. M. Reid, Farming, Hemmingford, Que.  
 † E. M. Taylor, Ass't. Sup't., Experimental Station, Fredericton, N. B.  
 † Miss Pearl Stanford, (married and living in Chicago, Married name unknown.)

## CLASS '19.

- \* Chas. Wilcox, Farm Manager, Kenwood Farms, Shelbourne, Vt., U. S. A.  
 † E. Grove White, Colonial Dep't. of Agr., Zomba, Nyasaland, British Central Africa.

## CLASS '20.

- Canadian Jersey Cattle Club, Waterloo,  
 \* W. E. Ashton, Field Representative, Que.  
 \* A. H. W. Birch, Apiarist, C. E. F., Ottawa, Ont.  
 R. A. Derick, Experimental Farm, Brandon, Man.  
 W. G. Dunsmore, Animal Husbandman, C. E. F., Ottawa, Man.  
 W. G. Dunsmore, Animal Husbandman, C. E. F., Ottawa, Ont.  
 † E. C. Hatch, Farming, Brockville, Ont. (Advertising Manager, Farm and Dairy, Peterboro, Ont.)  
 † W. D. Hay, Forage Crop Investigator, Lethbridge Experimental Station, Lethbridge, Alta.  
 \* S. R. N. Hodgins, Editor Journal of Agriculture, Macdonald College, Que.  
 † W. N. Jones, Chief Animal Nutritionist, Albert Dickinson Co., Chicago, Ill.  
 W. A. Maw, Manager, Poultry Dep't., Macdonald College, Que.  
 † J. E. Ness, Farming, Howick, Que.  
 † C. F. Peterson, 10326 — 124th St., Edmonton, Alta.  
 W. J. Reid, Farm Manager, Rougemont Station, Que.  
 W. G. Saunders, Entomologist, Fiji.  
 S. G. Skimer, Landscape Architect, C. N. Railway, 1054 College St., Toronto, Ont.

## CLASS '21.

- W. H. Barnett, Farming, Shawville, Que.  
 W. C. R. Bradford, Farming, Lachute, Que.  
 P. D. Bragg, Farming, c/o Chas. Bragg, Collingwood Corner, N. S.  
 A. J. Buckland, Soldiers' Settlement Board, Knowlton, Que.







Steve Walford

